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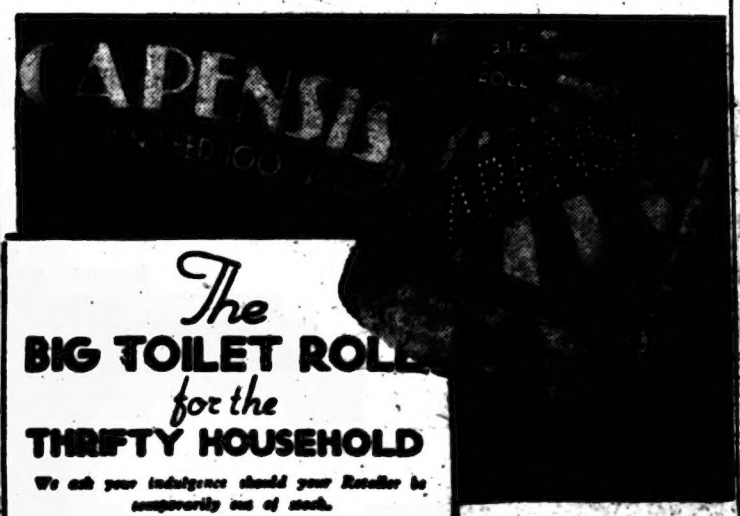

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NO DEPOSIT

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, June 28, 1941,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

SAVIOURS

● **Even in these days when bravery is commonplace, the courage of our seamen—the men who have saved Britain by bringing us food and war materials—is exceptional.**

And it demands more adequate recognition than Officialdom seems willing to give.

Ministers praise the Merchant Service, certainly. Occasionally, a George Medal or an O.B.E. is handed out to a skipper or deck hand.

Yet many brave exploits—even the particularly brave exploits—go unrewarded.

JOHN BULL urges the authorities to be less parsimonious in their tributes to men without peer in the long history of the sea.

It urges that a special medal should be struck for the heroes of the Merchant Service—and for them alone.

The Fighting Forces have their own honours for valour—the V.C., the D.S.O., D.F.C., and so on.

There are the George Cross and George Medal for heroes at home.

Let there be decorations no less honoured for heroes of the merchant ships!

Straight from the Shoulder

TWO VITAL QUESTIONS

RUSSIA makes big news. But not all the news.

The titanic possibilities arising from Hitler's mighty onslaught against the largest nation in Europe should not obsess our attention or bemuse our minds.

For Britain, there are bigger questions to be found in our own little island.

Keep Alert!

At tremendous cost, a tremendous German army is temporarily engaged in the assault on the Kremlin.

But Hitler left another large army in the West—facing our shores.

And the R.A.F. has considered it necessary to give the Invasion Ports the most tremendous pounding they have ever had.

Hitler Won't Doze

Hitler reveals his desperate need for Russian oil, Russian wheat, Russian metals.

He needs them lest the war should last a long time.

But if he sees a chance to end it quickly, he will strike at us with all his swollen might.

Offensive Action

And we have not only to repel attack. We have to strike, with greater might, at Germany.

For the first time, we have taken the initiative against the German Army.

Wavell's Cunning

That minor offensive in the June-torrid deserts of Egypt lasted only three days.

It did not end in decisive victory for us. But it should prove useful.

Wavell is cool and crafty. Coolly, he uses only small forces to conquer vast territories. Craftily, he chooses the time when he is in the midst of one big offensive to launch another.

Try-out

Did he start the Sollum battle just as a diversion in the Syrian campaign?

Did he start it just to measure the size of the German forces, as the official communiqués would have us believe?

More likely, in JOHN BULL's view, it was staged as an experiment. A small-scale rehearsal for the great attack we must launch one day. A test of equipment, men—and tactics.

We shall need all the equipment we can get for that great attack.

Bomb for Bomb

The R.A.F. has started the great attack we were promised long ago.

Night after night, "heavy forces" sear the Ruhr and scorch the Rhineland.

What does the R.A.F. mean by "heavy forces?"

They are forces comparable to any sent by the enemy to raid our towns. They aim as great a weight of bombs as that dropped by the enemy in the worst attacks on our towns.

Two Posers

All that is not enough. The R.A.F. must send still greater fleets with still heavier bomb loads.

So, on land and sea and in the air, we need still more of the stuff of war. And still more.

So, for us, the biggest question of the moment is: How to make two weapons for every one we produce now?

Couple it with another: How to produce them with the utmost speed?

Passing the Blame

We could do better, some say, but for slackness on the part of the workers. Others blame inefficient management. Or Government muddling.

No doubt all three exist. But there is too much "blame the other side" spirit, as we protest on page 5.

Such generalisations, too, insult the vast majority of our people who are working harder than ever before, the majority of equally energetic managements, and a Government that has done some jobs superlatively well.

Now for Facts

Just now, "inefficient management" gets most of the blame. It has been scolded both by Mr. Bevin and Jack Tanner, the engineers' leader.

They have given no actual evidence. JOHN BULL will do so.

Discouraged

One big works is designed to produce 24,000 fuses a week.

The men responded to the Government's appeal for greater efforts by all war workers. They pushed up production to 37,000 a week.

Then the shop became congested with finished work awaiting removal.

The men were told, "We can't deal with more than 30,000 fuses a week."

Lost Days

Britain urgently needs ships. But see what happens in the Tyneside yards!

Buses are often late in bringing men to the gates. If they are fifteen minutes late the men are locked out for the whole day.

Half-Speed Ahead!

Let us move on to a famous shipyard in another area.

"There is no war effort here," an engineer declares. "We work only 45 hours a week.

"If the bus is one minute late we are sent home for the day."

That is a common grievance.

Four-Day Week

Next, read this: "My husband is only 28. But in his mind he's a bitter old man. Some weeks he draws only £2 12s.—and I'm afraid we'll have to take our lad away from the secondary school."

Why? Because the man is employed at a famous Yorkshire steel works. Because he and his mates never work a full week.

Because they sometimes have to idle for three days. And because the firm doesn't care.

Turned Away

Miners were asked to work on Whit Monday. But 1,500 men were turned away from three Northumberland pits.

Miners who take a day off lose money. There is no penalty on mine managements that prevent them from working.

Food Held Up

At one port, dockers wanted to unload a food ship on Whit Monday.

They were not allowed to do so. "Leave it till to-morrow," said the owners.

Crazy Transfers

Some managements waste experience.

At a gun factory, a highly skilled man is transferred to a job he doesn't understand. His place is filled by another man who cannot even read a micrometer. That is typical of many cases.

Experts Ignored

Some firms employ inexperienced foremen. Time and materials are wasted in consequence. But experienced men are rejected.

A man who was a chemist-in-charge of a cordite factory in the last war cannot find a job in this one. Yet he's only forty-six.

Keeping Up Profits

Girls stand idle by their machines day after day. Reason: Their employers are guaranteed payment.

The longer a job lasts, the more it costs—and the bigger the profit.

Calling All Builders!

We give these examples not to take part in "passing the buck" but to stress the need for more efficient control of our war industries.

Step by step those industries are being made more efficient.

Announcement will soon be made concerning the "mobile builders' corps." A big campaign will seek to recruit the first 50,000 men—or even the whole 100,000

Must is the Word

That big effort is wanted in the organisation of every industry. It is wanted urgently.

We **MUST** build more aerodromes, more factories, more ships, more tanks and guns and shells.

The invasion of Russia means that Hitler is now preparing for a long war. But he may yet try to end it swiftly by invading Britain.

Great Opportunity

We do not disparage the magnificent work already being done. We know too well the strain willingly endured by the overwhelming majority of our workpeople—yes, and the public-spiritedness of most employers.

But we *can* do better still—if only by eliminating the inefficiency exposed by JOHN BULL.

"Time is getting short," Mr. Churchill tells us. That grave truth should spur us on.

(Continued overleaf)

AIR RAIDS! GAS ATTACK! INVASION!

● *A FREE Insurance Policy*
● *Underwritten at LLOYD'S*
● *FOR EVERY READER!*

Registration Forms can be obtained on application by postcard (revised postage 2d.) to "John Bull" Insurance Department, 125, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Behind the News

● **Freezing of Nazi funds and closure of consulates in U.S.A. have "identified" virtually all Hitler's agents in America. Neighbouring countries—and British naval patrols—have plans for looking after the others.**

● *Latin American countries are about to take similar measures against fifth columnists. There is almost as much Nazi money in South America as in U.S.A.—a year's proceeds of looted securities in occupied countries.*

● For example, graft accumulated by Nazi leaders, totalling £15,000,000, lies in South American accounts and safe deposits.

● **Breakdown of Jap-Dutch East Indies talks—designed to give the Axis secure control of Holland's oil, rubber and tin stocks—has not only called the Tokio bluff but emphasised Allied strength in the Far East.**

● *Anxiety grows in Berlin over French reaction to Vichy's Syrian policy. French public cannot be persuaded that Britain is to blame, anti-Nazi feeling remains as strong as ever.*

● Hitler has recalled his senior "tourists" from Spain. New men have been told not to threaten or boast but to suggest that Britain is supporting Communism.

● **In the Italian navy and army, distrust of Nazi orders has spread to the officers; Mussolini's liaison officers have failed to improve relations.**

● *Uncensored letters are reaching Italy from abroad. News of true U.S.A. and British strength, and facts of Italian losses, are increasing the people's hatred of the Nazis.*

● **Ex-King Amanullah of Afghanistan is on the run. Remember how he toured Western capitals—and left unpaid bills at hotels, shops and everywhere he went? Then he travelled East as an agent of Mussolini, "leader of Islam."**

● **Next, he teamed up with Hitler, who sent him to Africa, where he failed. Hitler insisted on his going to school in a Gestapo centre in Berlin, after which he was sent to Syria to stir up trouble among the Arabs.**

● *Now he's fled. British don't take him seriously, but if they caught him they'd probably make him pay his debts—or jail him for fraud.*

STRAIGHT from the SHOULDER

(Continued from preceding page)

LITTLE fresh fruit will reach the housewife this summer.

The woman who has saved sugar to make her own jam will find that nearly all the fruit has gone to jam manufacturers.

Ministry of Food argues that the fruit will thus be conserved and more fairly distributed over a long period.

Where's the Sense!

Prices have been so fixed that growers will find it more profitable to send all their crop to the jam factories than to the open market.

So where's the sense in the Ministry fixing retail prices for fresh fruit?

Fishy

Here's another bad look-out for the housewife. The Ministry may control more fish prices.

It doesn't explain why price control usually makes the foodstuff disappear from the shops. That happened in the case of herrings. And onions. And apples. And new potatoes.

Not only price control, but market control, is needed.

Food Kings

Lord Woolton is an able man. That cannot be said of some of his advisers.

So JOHN BULL offers him some friendly advice.

He should not pick all his lieutenants from the vested interests in the food trade. He should seek other views. And he should pay more attention to public psychology.

Bad Tactics

It is bad psychology for him to broadcast as "good news for every housewife" an increase of one ounce in the cheese ration and a decrease of two ounces in the butter ration.

Why sugar the pill?

The public is annoyed, too, by the sudden discovery that half a pint of milk is adequate for each person each day. The public doesn't forget the pre-war campaign to make us drink at least a pint a day.

Labour Wanted—

Next contrast, an unpleasant one, is provided by that Tory critic of Toryism, Harold MacMillan, second-in-command at the Ministry of Supply.

He admits that all the shifts at tank and A.A. gun factories are "not yet fully manned."

Yet night clubs are still fully manned. Chauffeurs drive wealthy women about. Healthy young women amuse themselves in "safe area" hotels. And skilled engineers in khaki are officers' batmen.

—and Unwanted

Again, though "friendly aliens" had to register for war work recently, many Russian Poles who came to Britain during the last war were turned away.

To avoid offending Russia?

The Colonel's Dinner

Now for a friendly word to Colonel Llewellyn, M.P.

Uxbridge publicans are organising their annual dinner, at which the Colonel will be present. Tickets, 12s. 6d. each.

We suggest it is unwise for M.P.s to encourage the holding of expensive jollities in these days.

Godfather Bevin

Wise contrast is provided by granite-jawed Mr. Bevin. His nurseries for war workers' children are "doing nicely."

Whole-time nurseries, caring for infants up to five, keep open for twelve or fifteen hours a day, provide meals and baths. Mothers pay 1s. a day.

Part-time nurseries, caring for youngsters from two to five, keep open during school hours, but do not provide meals. Charge, 3d. a day.

Wasted Time

Men and time are still wasted in training centres for would-be war workers.

Men complain of having to idle for weeks. There are too few instructors, too few tools, too little encouragement from the managers.

Quiet, earnest Mr. Ince, the Director of Man Power, who himself works fifteen hours a day, should pay a few surprise visits to the centres.

Smoke Starvation

Contrast to Mr. Ince is jovial, white-haired, hot-tongued Alex. Maxwell, the Tobacco Controller.

A chain smoker himself, he should see that soldiers are not starved of "smokes."

At one camp, men are rationed to ten cigarettes a week. A N.A.A.F.I. canteen manager says he has received one week's supply in six weeks.

Mr. Maxwell threatens to expose trade interests who are holding up supplies. Why on earth doesn't he?

Look Here, Mr. Lloyd!

Nor is JOHN BULL satisfied with good-humoured Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, who at thirty-nine is Britain's petrol chief.

Some bus companies cannot get sufficient petrol to take workers to war factories.

But some war factories get enough to organise joy trips.

Very Odd

Men on work of national importance cannot get supplementary petrol rations. Yet a joy-rider can hire car and chauffeur from a car hire depot and get all the petrol he wants.

We don't understand it. And we don't like it, Mr. Lloyd.

Coupons for Clothes

Another six-feet-tall Minister is Oliver Lyttelton, who appears in public dressed as if for Ascot but potters about in old clothes at home.

We hope he doesn't agree to any further concessions in the clothes rations.

We have no patience with the grumblers who don't seem to realise the need for economy in labour, materials and money.

'Ware Racketeers

But there is one loophole in the scheme.

Dress-crazy women are buying up tablecloths and bed covers to turn into frocks, crepe-de-chine sheets to make into underwear.

Incidentally, prices of second-hand clothing are leaping sky-high.

A.F.S. Army

Commander Firebrace, aptly-named commander of all Britain's fire brigades, is a fair-haired, blue-eyed giant who used to be a gunnery officer in the Navy.

But we don't think he'll agree to the militarisation of Britain's firemen.

So he might investigate a strange report reaching us from West Hartlepool—that the A.F.S. there is having to take route marches under the command of an Army N.C.O.

Can it be true?

Whose Liability?

Certainly there is no doubt that heroes of the Battle of the Flames—as shock-headed Mr. Herbert Morrison calls them—are still being treated shabbily by his officials.

Take the case of Fireman Dickens, of London.

He reported sick with a bad arm. The authorities could not decide whether the trouble was due to fire-fighting or not.

So he couldn't draw health insurance benefit, the Assistance Board couldn't help because he was still a fireman, and the A.F.S. said they couldn't pay him more than 7s. a week.

Going Without

He was sent to the relieving officer, who said he would call to see whether Dickens had any "chattels" on which money could be raised.

Rather than part with his home, Dickens says, "I will go without."

Is this the way to treat heroes?

Gee-Gee Jaunts

If Mr. Morrison could hear the comments of sensible people about horse-racing in war time his ears would burn.

Yes, we know that "national" meetings have been heavily restricted.

But does Mr. Morrison know that small meetings are being held up and down the country, ostensibly in the cause of charity?

Sometimes as little as 15s. is handed over to a *Spitfire* fund. But the promoters do well.

Hundreds of expensive cars arrive with "the gentry" and Army officers.

Left to Rot

Here's something to interest bluff and burly General Appleyard, who leads the builders' emergency squads.

Eight weeks ago Liverpool shops were damaged in a raid. Rain streams through the broken ceilings on to the stocks of food.

No repairs have been carried out. "Can't get labour," says Officialdom.

Perhaps General Appleyard will supply it.

Turned Down

He might also note that a man with 22 years' experience in building, applying to Deptford Council for raid repair work, has been turned down—apparently because his business is a one-man concern.

So his ladders, truck and other tackle are lying idle.

Rest Cure

Finally, pay tribute to a woman—Mrs. Joan Woollcombe—for organising free country holidays and convalescence for A.R.P. workers in *blitzed* towns.

If you're a Civil Defence worker and want details of this large-hearted scheme, write to 34, Devonshire Close, London, W.1, or 'phone Welbeck 3693.

PASSING THE BUCK

SCARCELY a day goes by without some appeal for the speeding up of war production.

Politicians, peers, labour leaders and public men of all kinds have united in the effort to make this country realise its urgent need of more guns, planes, tanks, ships and factories.

JOHN BULL has played its part in the general Press campaign to the same end. Only last week we said that the duty of every fit man and woman is either to work or fight.

We return to the same subject to-day because among a multitude of counsellors there is no uniformity of opinion.

ONLY ONE THING SEEMS TO BE GENERALLY ADMITTED: THAT THIS COUNTRY IS *NOT* PRODUCING ARMAMENTS FAST ENOUGH TO OVERTAKE THE ENEMY'S LONG LEAD; OR, AT ALL EVENTS, NOT FAST ENOUGH TO ENCOURAGE HOPE OF AN EARLY VICTORY.

Why? This question remains unanswered because it has been answered so often and in such different ways.

For months we have been looking on at an exasperating game of "passing the buck." Some employers blame their workpeople; some workers denounce their managements, and masters and men both complain bitterly of ministerial muddle and departmental dithering.

Without Fear or Favour

★

By THE EDITOR

As for the Government, we observe a similar tendency among Ministers, each to suggest that he and his assistants would be doing splendidly if only they could get the co-operation they deserve.

JOHN BULL IS SICK OF EVASIONS AND EXCUSES. THE PRIME MINISTER HAS CERTAINLY ASSURED THE COUNTRY THAT "THERE IS NO TRUTH IN THE STATEMENT THAT PRODUCTIVITY IN OUR FACTORIES IS FALLING OFF AT AN ALARMING RATE."

We believe that implicitly. We accept without question his recent statement that last month our output of guns and heavy tanks was more than double the monthly rate for the last quarter of 1940.

BUT Mr. Churchill also admitted that productivity "may not be going as fast as we should like," and that is the crux of the whole problem.

The output race is being run against the Nazis; not against last year's figures. It is useless to beat records unless we beat them handsomely enough to beat Hitler into the bargain.

And we assert without fear or favour that the national output of war material is far less than it ought to be.

Mr. Anthony Eden, who is not personally concerned with production problems, said in a recent broadcast that an Allied victory is "a mathematical certainty" because of the help that is coming from the United States.

WE REPLY BLUNTLY THAT THE FOREIGN SECRETARY MUST EITHER BE A BAD MATHEMATICIAN OR ELSE THAT HE WAS TALKING THROUGH HIS NATTY LITTLE HAT.

There are no certainties in war any more than in racing, and it is time to debunk the fatuous idiocy of some common slogans that will not recognise this fact.

For instance: "We are not interested in the possibilities of defeat. They do not exist."

That particular notice, freely displayed in public-houses and business premises, usually begins: "There is no depression in this house."

There is none in JOHN BULL, but *we* are keenly interested in the possibilities of defeat because we are utterly determined to provide against them.

Wherefore we warn the Government, the employers and the workers that the best so far achieved is not good enough. They must get together, sink their differences, scrap their failures and make of this country the mightiest workshop of the Old World.

We do not doubt that the New World will reinforce our own efforts to the utmost of its capacity, but the only safe course for us is to "forget America" and go on working as though we had to fight the war alone.

What the doctors call diagnosis and prognosis—finding out what is the matter with a sick man and then predicting the course of his malady—are two very different things, but sound diagnosis must come first.

AND THERE HAS BEEN NO SUCH POSITIVE DIAGNOSIS OF OUR INDUSTRIAL AND ECONOMIC ILLS.

Workers have been accused of slacking and absenteeism. Actually the vast majority of war factory hands have proved loyally willing to work long hours at full pressure, but, when Mr. Bevin dismisses these accusations as "nauseating," he dismisses them too lightly.

For there *are* slackers and there *are* men who take a day off when they feel like it. If this were not true, why should hundreds of men have been refused admission to Merseyside docks because they would not work overtime?

Why should others have been dismissed as professional agitators? And why, for that matter, do so many of our own readers give us instance after instance of loafing and skrimshanking in their own places of work?

Let us face it, then, that at least a small minority of workers is guilty of slacking, and this particular complaint, as we said last week, can best be cured by dismissing the offenders and, where possible, clapping them into uniform.

On the other hand, Mr. Charles Dukes, leader of the General and Municipal Workers, declares that "trade interests are dominating the war effort," and Mr. Jack Tanner, of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, puts it more strongly still.

"Under the control of vested interests," he says, "there is mismanagement and gross incompetence in munitions production. We workers repudiate any responsibility for delays and checks in production."

THIS ACCUSATION, LIKE THE OTHER ONE, IS FAR TOO SWEEPING, BUT WE AGREE UNHESITATINGLY THAT GREEDY AND INCOMPETENT MANAGEMENTS DO EXIST, AND THAT THERE ARE SOME EMPLOYERS WHO DO THINK OF "PATRIOTISM AS ANOTHER NAME FOR PROFITS."

Let the bad employer be sacked no less ruthlessly than the bad workman, but let the Government in both cases do its best to remove the causes of temptation.

DOCKERS, builders and all other hard-working men cannot be expected to give of their best if they have to walk long distances to and from their work and if they cannot obtain good food cheaply and on the spot.

This is just a question of transport and canteen organisation. Both must be improved without delay.

Employers working on a cost-plus-profit basis are sorely tempted both to waste money and to waste time. How could it be otherwise, for the longer a contract lasts and the more it costs, the more their profits?

JOHN BULL HAS EXPOSED THE INIQUITOUS FOLLY OF THIS SYSTEM AGAIN AND AGAIN, BUT, IN VARIOUS FORMS, THE COST-PLUS LUNACY STILL GOES ON. THE GOVERNMENT SHOULD PUT A STOP TO IT, FOR HERE THE DIAGNOSIS IS CLEAR ENOUGH AND THE REMEDY SIMPLICITY ITSELF.

But if every employer were honest and efficient and every worker keen to do his best, we still should not achieve maximum output under the control of competing Ministries and service chiefs each clamouring for his own priority.

WE regret, therefore, that Mr. Churchill has rejected an M.P.'s demand for a Minister for War Production.

JOHN BULL has felt the need for an "O.C. Home Front" almost from the start of the war. In deference to Mr. Churchill's hope that the new Production Executive would secure the great speed-up which is so desperately needed, we have lately refrained from pressing our suggestion.

But the plain truth is that this Executive, this triumvirate of Ministers under the chairmanship of Mr. Bevin, has never exercised and cannot exercise overriding authority to bring all the supply departments into line.

Mr. Churchill is a great leader, but no man can have the time or even be physically capable of controlling the general conduct of the war and home production simultaneously.

The country needs a Minister with power to conscript all our industrial resources, to regulate hours, conditions and rates of pay, and to have the final decision on priorities.

Maximum output calls for national planning on a grand scale. It simply is not possible under a dozen different leaders each working to his own immediate ends.

No Government ever had finer material to work with. All Parties and all sections of the community are at one in their resolve to win the war.

But, on the Home Front, we still lack leadership. Give us that, and the national response will be terrific.

HUMAN MACHINE

Listen—And Learn

● Some time ago a man spent several hours with a director of several important firms. At the end he said, referring to the Big Business leader: "He won't last long; we talked for three hours and he didn't ask me a single question."

He was right in his implied criticism.

To ask questions is one way of keeping in close touch with life. It also shows that the questioner wants to learn and is not ashamed to admit that he doesn't know.

Look at young children! Their lives for some years are just one big question mark!

They ask—and ask—and ask! And the result is that they learn—and learn—and learn.

The world is stuffed full of facts, interesting facts, facts that are important, facts necessary to the full exploitation and the full enjoyment of life.

You can learn any number of them by asking questions—always provided you listen to the answers!

This is not as silly as it may sound. There are surprisingly few good listeners. Most people seem too anxious only to get their own point of view expressed.

Yet it is only by being a good listener that anyone can be a good learner.

The man who never wants to know is to be pitied. He died years ago—and doesn't know it!

OPEN LETTERS

PROFESSOR J. H. PRIESTLEY,
Vice-Chancellor, Leeds University

DEAR PROFESSOR,—"Who's Who" gives the year of your birth as 1883. A misprint, I presume, for 1833.

For you are so prudishly old-fashioned that, despite clothes rationing, you won't allow girl students to attend lectures without stockings.

It's what they take into their heads that matters, not what they can manage to put on their legs.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEOFFREY MANDER, M.P.,
Wolverhampton

DEAR SIR,—There is not much hope of your proposal being accepted by the Treasury. It's too sensible.

We in Britain are willingly enduring heavy sacrifices. But Britons living abroad dodge the bombs and the burdens.

You would make them pay British income tax if they receive more than £1,000 a year, less the tax they pay in their country of residence.

A good solution—but the Treasury will hum and haw, and soon forget it.—JOHN BULL.

The CITY COUNCIL,
Westminster

GENTLEMEN,—Now start that promised comb-out of the selfish, cowardly dodgers!

More than half the total number of your residents failed to register for fire-watching. Despite a week's extra grace, many are still lying low.

Bring them into the open and prosecute them. Don't let one escape.—JOHN BULL.

Lord SIMON,
Lord Chancellor

MY LORD,—A Home Office conference reports that few magistrates in juvenile courts are under fifty, many are greybeards in the seventies and eighties.

Whose fault is that?

You have power to retire aged justices who are unfit to deal with the problems of childhood. Use it.—JOHN BULL.

Rev. A. STEPHEN HUGHES,
Llanwyddyn, Montgomeryshire

DEAR RECTOR,—Tribute must be paid to your unselfishness in offering to change places with a parson in any of the much-bombed cities.

It is only fair, you feel, that he should be given a chance of rest in a secluded parish.

True. Banks, A.R.P. services and others encourage such exchanges among their staff, and the Church should be no less accommodating.—JOHN BULL.

Sir ARCHIBALD HURD,
Naval Expert

DEAR SIR ARCHIBALD,—I hardly ever recommend a book to my readers. But I urge them not to miss your narrative of British sea power just published under the title of "The Battle of the Seas" (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.).

Its many illustrations of the present war, its stories of memorable exploits, its account of naval history—all emphasise your view that "the Merchant Service is the final arbiter of our fate," and should increase public appreciation of its magnificent achievements.—JOHN BULL.

AIR CHIEF MARSHAL Sir F. BOWHILL,
Chief of the Atlantic Air Service

DEAR SIR,—This is largely a scientists' war. We need the maximum help from the United States.

Truisms, of course. But Professor A. V. Hill, one of our greatest men of science, declares that there is a failure here to appreciate how quickly American science and industry can "get off the mark" once they understand our problems.

This can be remedied if rapid transport is made available, so that experts of the two countries can confer.

Can you help? Could not your ferry service of bombers from the U.S.A. sometimes carry scientists and industrial planners as passengers?—JOHN BULL.

The COUNCILLORS,
Caterham, Surrey

GENTLEMEN,—A part-time fireman has resigned because you have the confounded impertinence to order the A.F.S. to provide a fire-watcher for the council offices.

If your demand became a general principle the A.F.S. would be seriously weakened and the fire-watching provisions made a mockery.

I can imagine what you'd say if a shopkeeper asked you for a fireman to watch his premises. And I know what I'd like Mr. Herbert Morrison to say to you.—JOHN BULL.

MR. LUKE FAWCETT,
Builders' Trade Union Leader

DEAR MR. FAWCETT,—We must get the best out of the great army of builders you lead. And we must give them the best.

I'm afraid you're right in saying: "It is blandly assumed that building trade workers can put up with anything."

Too many of them have to improvise meals over a smoky fire-pail.

Many sleep packed in wooden shanties utterly uncomfortable and unhygienic.

They have to tramp through muddy fields, and have nowhere to dry their sodden clothes.

And, dejected and ill-fed, they are expected to work to the very limit of human endurance!

No, it won't do. Proper conditions must be guaranteed to the men who, as Lord Southwood has said, are in the very forefront of our war effort.

I know that conditions on many jobs have been improved, and in some places are excellent. I know, also, that Lord Reith is anxious that they shall be adequate on *every* job.

You will share my wish that he will brook no opposition from recalcitrant employers.

They must be made to play their part in war-winning, regardless of their pockets or prejudices.

Their men, assured of decent conditions, must work as never before. And I'm sure they will.

We *must* have more aerodromes, more factories, more military bases at the utmost speed!—JOHN BULL.

The CHAIRMAN,
Sheerness Magistrates

DEAR SIR,—Told that petrol stealing is rife in the dockyards, you opine that all Government Departments should be "tightened up."

Then you proceed to impose fines of only £2 each on two men who stole ten gallons of petrol and two five-gallon drums.

You'd help the Government if you tightened up your own sentences.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. C. T. PEALL,
Northampton F.A.C.

DEAR SIR,—I can assure you that the work-shy scandal is not confined to Northampton, where nearly 400 people entered the casual ward in a single week, as compared with 72 in a similar period last year.

Young men have taken to the roads to avoid any form of national service. But the Ministry of Labour is anxious to find them.

Report the facts directly to the Ministry!—JOHN BULL.

HARDSHIP COMMITTEE,
Stepney, London

GENTLEMEN,—Mr. Len Silver was discharged from the Army in the last war, suffering from neurasthenia and night fits. Ever since, from time to time, he has had specialist treatment.

He cannot climb a ladder, cannot go out in gunfire.

Yet, without asking him to see a doctor, you have refused him exemption from fire-watching duties.

Are you anxious to give the first-aid parties more work?—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. KATHLEEN CHADWICK,
Women's Co-operative Guild

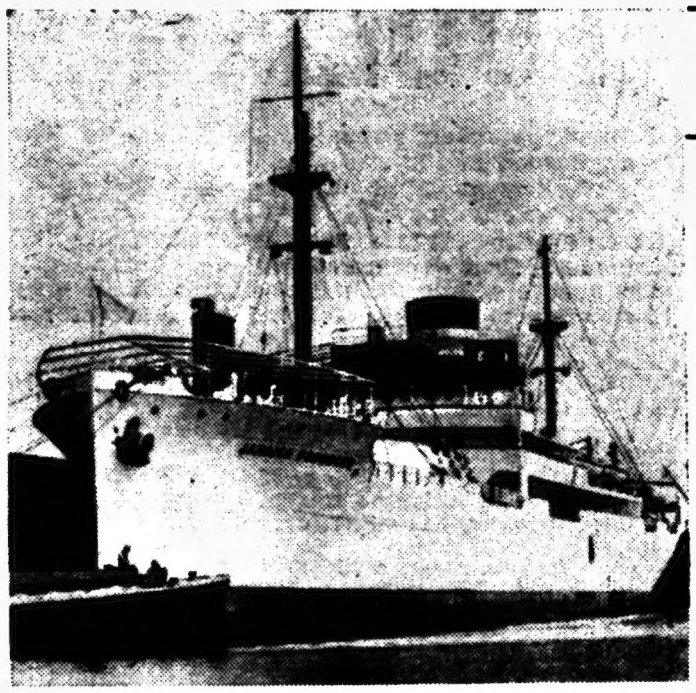
DEAR MADAM,—The whole system of partial rationing is wrong. It lends itself to exploitation by people who have money to obtain unrationed goods in short supply.

In saying that, you reflect the feelings of most people. It is a scandal that the authorities should have to be pushed into every extension of rationing. But, in the end, full rationing will have to come.—JOHN BULL.

★ ***Nazi bombers who survive this war will carry one searing memory for the rest of their lives—the ferocity of our merchant seamen. Here's a typical reason described***

Cut Hun's Tail With a Mast!

By Commdr. Pursey Phillips



It would take more than Hitler, let me tell you, to shift that type of vessel off the Seven Seas, or to budge her ship's company from any run

JAMAICA PRODUCER does not sound like the name of a warship. It is a very typical name of a class of vessel I know well—the stolid, stumpy, steady-going British merchantman, not particularly pretty, that you see from Suez to Nagasaki and from Sydney to Buenos Aires.

Jamaica Producer was built for the West Indies run. She is not a new boat; she has forgotten more Atlantic gales than you would get out of a score of Joseph Conrads; and she has carried some pretty queer cargoes, like all her class.

When this war began, her sound Clyde-built engir put her in the class of ship reckoned fast enough to run across the oceans unescorted.

To help her meet U-boats with anything up to 8-in. guns and 1,000-lb. torpedoes, "pocket battleships" with 11-in. and 8-in. batteries, Focke-Wulf Condors with five shell-guns and 1,000-lb. bombs, 1,200-lb. mines, and all those little things; to help her meet these, they equipped this sturdy old ocean wonder with a popgun in the stern.

Her skipper and officers brushed up their knowledge of gunnery, of evasive action when attacked, of convoy sailing, and of a few other war time necessities, and just carried on.

It would take more than Hitler, let me tell you, to shift that type of vessel off the Seven Seas, or to budge her ship's company from any run that came to them in the way of sailing orders!

Exit a U-Boat

She had her adventures.

There was the sleeting winter afternoon with the grey rollers running as big as churches when she sighted a periscope on the port bow and the flickering white wake of a torpedo simultaneously.

It was coming towards her bows. By jamming over her helm she missed the tin fish by inches; and then turned round full circle and tried her damnedest to ram the top off that U-boat.

Some of her crew swore they heard the jarring scrape of her stem passing across a submarine's eggshell hull. But the skipper and mate are the sort who make no claims without sworn evidence from Davy Jones in person; and so no claim was made.

All the same, that U-boat vanished; the attack was not continued; and if it was so much as touched in that sea it would have sunk like a stone.

Three times the ship was chased by German warplanes.

But her people handled her with such dexterity that the bombing and machine-gun attacks did no harm; and, each time, British destroyers or aircraft flashed into sight, and the Huns stepped out lively for home.

When you are inclined to grouse at our shipping losses, recall that you are never told of the thousands of occasions when the Navy—or it may be a *Blenheim* or a four-engined *Short Sunderland*—steps up at the critical moment, and as often as not puts Jerry down where he belongs.

Important Cargo

There came a day when *Jamaica Producer* was not lucky enough to make a clean getaway.

It was at dusk, the time most favoured by the bloody killers who haunt the oceans to try to drown peaceful merchant sailors. The British boat was stepping along beneath drifting low cloud, over a grey, steady sea.

She was carrying a full cargo of stuff that was vitally important to Britain. More—she was carrying passengers. Now, "the liner, she's a lady," and this ship, after hard war runs and precious little leave, was definitely working-class.

Perhaps the Germans thought she was a lady—they never dreamed that she could "give them a piece of her mind" and back it up with a straight left that would have tickled the Fancy!

They learned their mistake, though she did carry only one little popgun!

Out of the cloud that seemed almost to hang upon the merchantman's stumpy mast came a *Heinkel* bomber, so low that the startled seamen below, as they raced to their "action stations" and pulled on their tin hats, could see the expression on the goggled face of the German gunner, crouching avidly forward in the machine's glass nose, and nursing his weapon.

A Noisy Moment

The *Heinkel* was gliding with engines off. Three sounds came simultaneously—the sudden explosion of the twin engines as the German pilot throttled up, the dry death-rattle of a Hun machine-gun, and the peremptory bark of *Jamaica Producer's* stern gun, under whose shield the first officer in person was seated.

"That gun sounds just like the Old Man when he ticks somebody off!" one of the seamen grinned to another, as they took up their stations.

"That's an aircraft attack, I fancy?" one of the passengers remarked. "Your deal, I think."

There were four of them playing bridge in what had been the skipper's cabin. They were men who were on their way to do a big job for England.

They picked up their new hands of cards and went on playing.

The *Heinkel* reared away, rose steeply, and came circling back. Again it dived down, this time with engines on. A diving bomber is a terrifying sight, and makes a most unpleasant sound, as I know from experience.

But the chief, at the little stern gun, held his fire like a veteran. Down came the *Heinkel*, enormous, menacing. . . .

Thump-thump-thump-thump went the gun. Puffs of white ringed the machine's port wing, but once more it raced away low over the sea, climbed and circled to renew the attack.

It did not relish that little gun, though. This time it tried a bomb.

Flying just beneath the black cloud in the darkening evening, it shadowed the *Jamaica Producer*, swooped a little, and released a black thing that grew to the size of a human body, struck the smooth sea astern, boiled it into a sky-high crater, and flung spouting water to obliterate the world.

"Bombing now!" murmured one of the card players, as the ship lurched sickeningly, so close was the explosion. "Two diamonds."

After that single attempt the Germans tired of bombing. Surely this miserable little black ship could be swept clean of men by hailing machine-gun bullets all over it?

Down came the attacker, swooping like some filthy carrion-bird.

Behind his gun, the mate stared upwards with contracted brows, his hand on a lever, his brain swiftly working out calculations of range.

This time he meant to wing that Jerry, if he had to wait till it brushed the muzzle of his gun.

The raking dive continued so that it looked as if that almost might happen!

Waited Too Long

The German gunner, his white teeth biting his lip, could be seen playing the same game—waiting till he could not possibly miss the Britisher who crouched beneath the shield of that absurd little popgun down there. Once put that out of action and the ship could be destroyed brutally, precisely and at leisure.

The *Heinkel* dived like a thunderbolt; the two gunners stared into each other's eyes over a gap shutting nightmare-fast; each had his hand ready to fire. It was a duel of man against man, with the naked desire to kill blotting out the universe.

They fired simultaneously.

At that identical moment *Jamaica Producer* gave a terrific swing. The German cannon shells splashed harmlessly into the water. The British shells were flung hopelessly to starboard of their quarry.

The mate, at the gun, burst out a shout that I cannot possibly print.

It began with a searing comment on the skipper for jamming over his helm and spoiling a shot that the mate felt was *certain* to have blown the *Heinkel's* nose to smithereens—and with it the leering goggled face behind the glass.

Screech of Triumph

It changed in the same breath to a screech of wild triumph that was re-echoed from a dozen places where steel-hatted seamen crouched.

For the *Heinkel*, in its determination to slay, had come *too low*!

The skipper on *Jamaica Producer's* bridge was a merchant sailor without a weapon—but he was a seaman, and he had a big ship, with all her massive driving weight, under his hand. His teeth showed, too, in a bulldog snarl, as he drove over his helm so suddenly that two of the four card players below were flung out of their chairs on to the floor.

The bomber pilot saw—too late—that it was not a helpless, wallowing boat that he was attacking, but a huge sentient thing that seemed to turn swift as an ocean wave.

With a choking grunt, he jammed over his control-stick, and his big machine—big, but dwarfed by the black ship that it had come too near!—began to swerve in an edge-on bank.

But, by God, no flying trick can save it now!

Swifter than light, ship and aircraft come together; the foretopmast of the merchantman seems to reach up as the vessel heels; it strikes at the bomber's tail; there is a perceptible jar—and something small and black whirls down to port on to the grey sea.

Pigmy Screams

The *Heinkel*, with its tail cut off, sideslips helplessly round the stumpy stern of the merchantman, dives into the sea with a flat flopping smash, and instantly pours out a masthead-high column of smoke-edged fire, from which come pigmy screams.

Jamaica Producer's stern boils white as the engines reverse to Full Speed Astern. The ship stops, and a boat is smartly lowered away.

Presently, the boat pulls back and is hoisted aboard. It carries no survivors—there were none to save, only some blackened things that had paid the price of coming too close to a quiet merchant ship.

Through the gathering gloom the darker shape of *Jamaica Producer* stands steadily on its way, true type of the ships that Hitler cannot stop and will never stop.

Down in the cabin the passengers picked themselves up. The sounds of guns and bombs ceased abruptly, no one quite knew why. Meanwhile, somebody had to make "two diamonds."

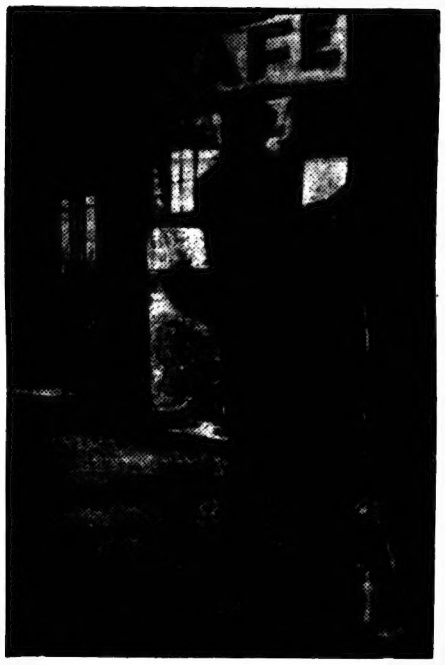
There was "plenty of time to finish the game and beat the Germans, too."

NEXT WEEK: *Children Who Defied the Hun.*

The band of experts dealing with readers' queries will handle any subject, other than medical, on which you care to write.

The procedure is simple. Merely address your enquiry to JOHN BULL'S FREE ADVICE SERVICE, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing with it a stamped, addressed envelope.

Don't let that Financial, Insurance, or Sporting matter puzzle you further. Write to JOHN BULL about it!



The food gangs are particularly busy at roadside cafes known to be popular with lorry drivers

FOOLING WITH FOOD

IT must be made a punishable offence to leave laden lorries unguarded in the street.

Workers guilty of pilfering must be taught that even petty crime doesn't pay.

There must be far greater vigilance—by police and staff—at docks, warehouses, food depots and railway goods yards.

The general public, too, must be more alert to help the authorities.

I stress these four "musts" because a tide of robbery is sweeping over the country.

Food, clothing and tobacco are being stolen each week on a prodigious scale—by highly-organised gangs of crooks and by sneak thieves who work on their own.

High police officials admit it. My own investigators confirm it.

My dossiers are bulging with evidence that, because of shortage of supplies, there is a bigger market now for stolen goods than ever before.

Recently, thieves made a big haul from a Ministry of Food depot in the Home Counties. It was the third raid within a few weeks.

Another depot in the same area was robbed and 34 cases of tea were stolen. A few days later 37 chests of tea, valued at £500, disappeared from a neighbouring depot.

Plainly, some food dumps are inadequately protected.

Turn to another aspect of the problem.

A lorry loaded with a ton of chocolate and half a ton of cocoa was stolen in London a few days ago.

Criminal Lunacy

It had been left unattended while the driver went into a café for a cup of tea!

To leave a load of food unguarded, even for five minutes, is criminal lunacy in these times.

Another lorry with a load of 7,500 lb. of tea was on the way from London to a Kent town when the lorry and the tea disappeared with the greatest of ease.

Once again the driver had gone into a roadside café for a cup of tea!

In Kent, also, a lorry laden with boots and shoes valued at £600 (about 4,000 coupons' worth!) was stolen when left unattended for a few minutes.

The food gangs are particularly busy at road-side cafés known to be popular with lorry drivers.

They have "Getaway" men who are skilled and daring drivers.

While confederates chat with the lorry driver or offer him tobacco or cigarettes at cheap prices, the "getaway" man nips up into the driver's seat—and one more load of goods has been "lost in transit."

Sometimes the booty is transferred to another lorry, kept in readiness near by, and the stolen lorry is then abandoned.

This happened in Manchester when a lorry carrying 26,000 rations of bacon was stolen. It was soon found—empty—in a quiet street.

A similar coup was brought off at Salford, when enough meat to provide 500 people with their weekly rations disappeared.

Quick Disposal

Meat, butter, chocolate, tea, cigarettes and canned goods are in such demand by "receivers" that a lorry load can be disposed of so quickly and so deftly as to defy detection.

In some areas the food gangs have developed their own transport system, with hide-out food depots that are frequently changed to avoid police attention.

Behind the receivers are the unscrupulous shopkeepers and dealers who are willing to buy without "asking questions."

Without these people the bottom would fall out of the bootleg food market.

Already, as a result of clothes rationing, there is a chain of "black markets" for women's frocks, silk stockings, shoes and even for men's wear.

And, unless far more effective safeguards are adopted, the wave of crime will mount even higher.

The gangs will specialise in organising clothing thefts from warehouses, lorries and shops because of the profitable markets for such goods.

Indeed, this new campaign may already have begun, for a report reaches me from a Midland town that two shops were stripped during the same night of all stocks of frocks, costumes, and lingerie valued at several hundred pounds.

From the docks, railway goods yards, shops and factories, the "record" Spring tide of robbery is sweeping away great quantities of war-precious goods.

"Gentlemen" v. Players!

Amateur crooks compete with professionals for the spoils.

Amateurs, for example, raided a N.A.A.F.I. canteen at a Northern camp. Their haul included 60 lb. of sugar, 20 lb. of cheese, 30 lb. of cake, and several thousand cigarettes.

With impudence worthy of their professional brethren, they used a Red Cross ambulance to cart away the goods!

Steel tubes have been disappearing in steadily increasing quantities from a Government aircraft works, and the leak has yet to be stopped.

At a Midland factory, amateurs stole an electric cutting machine and an electric drill. Two hundred hours of essential war work was lost while the machines were being replaced.

A wireless firm in the South has "lost" accessories valued at £1,500 owing to pilfering by a group of employees.

Leicester Parks Committee is worried because every night hundreds of onion bulbs are stolen from three acres that have been specially planted.

Robbing the Dead

Worse still, there have been thefts from the bodies of air-raid victims, and some have been traced to mortuary keepers.

Two A.F.S. men, with remarkable records of bravery, were recently found to have carried out a series of plundering expeditions in bombed areas.

From Barrow comes a report that fifteen tons of timber had been stolen from a yard in one week!

In many towns there has been wholesale stealing of stirrup pumps.

From the military camps there are frequent reports of the mysterious disappearance of petrol and other supplies.

In fact, I am appalled at the evidence reaching me of widespread robberies.

There should be heavy prison sentences for all offenders who can be traced, certainly.

But the chief remedy, as I have said, is increased vigilance by police, managements, staff, and the public as a whole.

If there are mysterious disappearances of goods at your warehouse, factory, workshop or dock, be on the alert and report the facts to the police!

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' PAGE

I'LL WATCH NEW M.B. SCHEME

MEDICAL tests for men liable for military service are to be revised.

Which means, I take it, that medical categories are to be revised.

Not before time!

I know of hundreds of cases where men have been flung into the Forces though they were utterly unfit for any form of service.

Many of these men have broken down in the course of service. They have had to be discharged by Army, Navy or Air Force medical boards.

Then they find that they are not eligible for pension.

It is pointed out to them—quite rightly—that the disability from which they are suffering was not due to military service.

Naturally these men feel agrieved.

They were passed as fit. They were put into uniform and taken from jobs.

Then, found to be unfit, they are thrown out without compensation.

★ ★ ★

Of course, I am not arguing that pension should be given to every discharged Serviceman. There may be cases in which disablement has arisen because of the man's own carelessness.

Suppose a fit young soldier watched a football match on a winter day and didn't bother to wear his greatcoat.

Suppose, as a result, he contracted pneumonia and died.

No pension would be payable to his widow because his illness, though occurring while he was in the Service, was due to his own action.

But such cases are rare. The sense of injustice felt by many has been entirely due to the carelessness of *civilian* medical boards who have passed unfit men for the Forces.

Tubercular and almost blind men have been passed.

Let us hope that it will be brought to an immediate end by the revised medical tests announced by Mr. Bevin.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. R. Blissett, Angel Hill, Sutton, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. Inquiries are being made into a matter he brought to my notice.

Write to me about any subject you feel calls for investigation, marking envelopes "Public Benefactor."

A Warning to Women

DON'T listen to the sympathetic stranger who drops in with the news that a dear relative in some distant town is dangerously ill.

An old lady living alone was visited by a woman who said she was in town on a brief business trip from Wales. "Your brother (an elderly man) is awfully ill," she said, "and keeps asking to see you. As I was coming to London I said I would call, and if you can come to-morrow I'll take you in my car."

Presently the stranger dangled a large cheque before her and, mentioning that she must pop out to fix an hotel for the night and make a few purchases, asked for a pound or so until she cashed the cheque in the morning.

The poor old woman handed over £3—and the lady from Wales vanished.

★ ★ ★

LOOK out for the bogus "Lonely Soldier."

Quite a profitable business is being conducted by impostors who pretend they are in the Services and have no one to write, see or cheer them.

Numerous women who have been touched by moving stories of supposed loneliness are now wiser because they have had cause to discover that the police know of many men who are making a habit of playing the "Lonely Soldier" rôle nowadays.

Some have actually taken dupes through forms of marriage; one, in fact, has turned out to be a married jailbird with six children.

★ ★ ★

GROWING daily, too, is the number of parasites who deceive women in the guise of military, naval and air stalwarts, or as wounded Servicemen.

Over sixty different cases of fraud have been reported to the authorities since January last.

Posing as a lieutenant-commander, and using many names, one man has swindled many firms and many women.

His chief victim, now poorer by hundreds of pounds through believing he was badly hurt while serving in a cruiser in action, has learnt that his real name is Clement Stanley Hunter, and that he has already been to prison.

★ ★ ★

THEN there are the "agents" of mythical and supposedly well-connected families in heavily bombed areas who need, without resorting to Government evacuation schemes, nice homes for their children in safe country districts.

The visitors call, give the most convincing accounts of their requirements, and fix up accommodation at attractive rentals subject to an agreement to be signed on both sides.

Before they go they ask for a fee towards the cost of the agreement's preparation. Nothing more is heard of them.

MAURICE FAGENCE

continuing his "How They've Changed" snapshots, looks in at a big store where, after covering up the track of bombs, they are smoothing out coupon problems

Coupons, Please, Moddom!

I SHALL call it the Store Magnificent, although that is not its actual name.

Probably you know the place quite well.

It used to have tremendous windows, dressed by fashion-plate young men who were artists.

Doorkeepers looked like Field-Marshals.

Its quest for *the latest* in everything was unending. It sent its buyers to Paris, Berlin, Vienna—and to Leipzig and every other fair.

But it had just as warm and welcoming a "Yes, moddom" for the customer who had to study shillings.

It excelled in selling the three-guinea costume that would look just as fashionable in ten years' time just as it excelled in selling the two-hundred-guinea creation that one turn of Fashion's wheel could make as valueless as a dish-cloth in a month.

Cottage Size Windows

Two years ago you would have described the Store Magnificent as being as unchangeable as the Bank of England.

But see. Its windows are now cottage size.

The sleek artists who dressed them are in battledress.

There are darns on the doorkeepers' uniforms. Yes, darns. That comes of leaving your clothes in a store's dressing-rooms at the height of a blitz.

The carpets are stained ominously. From fire hydrants. Girders have been unclothed in some of the main departments. By bombs.

But there are bigger, deeper changes in this big emporium—changes that reflect more adequately the change of heart and change of habit of a nation fighting for its existence.

Over there, near the millinery counter, is little Miss Jones.

Little Miss Jones has always been regarded as "an excellent sales lady" because she would always sell more in June than she sold in the previous June.

But little Miss Jones has had to vary her methods.

No longer is she assessed on the basis of how much she can sell—but how little without giving offence to the customer.

And because her heart is far away in Tobruk with her soldier sweetheart, and she would prefer that money should be spent on tanks for his safety than ribbons for a West End party, she is travelling just as smoothly in reverse.

Buyer Doesn't Buy

There is Miss Jones' buyer, a dynamically efficient woman.

June should have seen her in the boulevards of Paris.

To-day our future as a nation depends on buying no such pretty things—but using all our skill, artistry and ingenuity selling such pretty things to other countries.

So "the Buyer" wastes little time buying.

She knows that her shop is entitled to a certain percentage of articles which it used to sell before the war.

And her chief concern is to make sure that the wholesalers provide her with her fair quota.

Clothes rationing has produced one of the biggest changes of all at the Store Magnificent.

They stocked themselves out with light summer dresses—and now women won't buy them.

Some of the women are hanging on in the hope that such clothes will be derationed. ("What hopes!" said the Buyer.)

Most of them begrudge wasting their coupons on garments that are wearable for a few short months.

Similarly, the Store Magnificent filled itself up well with fashionable bang-up-to-the-minute clothes.

Women—even the smartest women—won't buy *them*.

They dread a turn of Fashion's wheel that will leave them with clothes they "can't decently wear"—and no coupons to get more.

"People imagine there will be no bargain sales in these days of acute shortage," said the Buyer. "Don't you believe it.

"Unless there is some relaxation of rationing in regard to these articles they will have to be sold at incredibly cheap prices.

"At our pre-war sales it was last year's fashions that went at give-away prices.

"To-day we look like having to give away absolutely fashionable stuff."

She hates rationing.

It has killed the "appro." trade. The woman who used to take six coats home and keep the one she liked best would have to give up coupons for the six.

She wouldn't get a single coupon back when she returned the other five garments.

The woman who orders a garment by post *can* get her coupons back if she doesn't like the article when it arrives—but they will have to be spent on a similar transaction.

Hundreds Lost

There are a hundred such things to remember in connection with rationing.

In the first days some of the assistants cut out spare coupons instead of margarine coupons—and so hundreds of coupons were lost.

As new stock can only be acquired against coupons, that represents loss of valuable stock as long as rationing lasts.

Then there is the problem of the customer who wants goods made up.

Often the regulations prescribe, say, twelve coupons for the garment when the manufacturer, on the amount of material used, demands sixteen or seventeen.

With haphazard management a firm would soon be without stock entirely.

It is a worrying, harassing, maddening business, this rationing, and everybody in every shop hates it.

But when I asked "the Buyer" whether she would like it stopped, she said: "If it helps one tiny bit towards winning this war, most certainly not."

Dresses will still attract women even if they are behind wire netting

And when I asked little Miss Jones, she, too, said "No."

Yes, everything has changed in the Store Magnificent, as it has in all the bigger and smaller shops throughout the land.

Except one thing, perhaps. They still say "Yes, moddom" and "No, moddom."

With one signal difference.

When uttered in reply to some oily woman customer who wants to get garments without coupons, or seeks in some other way to enhance her wardrobe at the expense of her sisters and the nation itself, that "No, moddom" has a vicious crack in it.

MEET THREE NAZI BLACKMAILERS

By Willi Frischauer

A TRIO of carefully selected Nazi blackmailers has been responsible for the development of Nazi-Soviet relations.

On their advice German divisions were ordered to mass along the vast Russian frontier.

It has always been up to them to decide whether concessions by Stalin should be obtained by persuasion or force.

The brain of the trio is a man named Schnurre. This name in the exact English translation means fairy tale!

* * *

Schnurre's official post is head of the Economic Department of the Nazi Foreign Office. Forty-two years old, he joined the German army at the age of sixteen, and was decorated with the Iron Cross in the last war.

To-day he is not very martial in appearance. A round-faced, Jewish-looking businessman who likes good food and plenty of drink. This is the impression he gave on his only visit to London some years before the war.

Yet Schnurre's jovial appearance hides only the ruthlessness of the typical blackmailer.

He always manages to introduce threats into polite economic discussions. Smiling, he utters "warnings," good-humouredly he points to "dangers," nonchalantly he mentions "consequences" if his suggestions are not adopted.

Constantly in and out of Russia, he is almost invariably accompanied by Dr. Karl Ritter, who is the Director of the Eastern Department of the Nazi Foreign Office.

Ritter, however, is exactly the opposite of Schnurre as regards manners and methods. He is a cold-blooded, harsh and unfriendly negotiator.

There is nothing of Schnurre's subtlety about him. Ritter's activities frequently lead to open clashes. He always finds himself somehow in the centre of an unpleasant affair.

As Nazi Ambassador in Brazil in the critical pre-war years Ritter openly supported the Brazilian Fascists and the Nazified German inhabitants of the country.

He supplied them with money and propaganda material and, like Ribbentrop in London, never hesitated to make speeches which were embarrassing to the Government to which he was accredited.

The Brazilians finally turned him out.

Yet Ritter, who is very friendly with Hitler and quite as shameless, was hardly offended by the rebuke. On the contrary he tried to get back to Brazil.

He tried his hand at a German-Czech trade pact, represented Germany in Geneva, where he sabotaged international help for German-Jewish refugees. You will always find Ritter on the side of violence and ruthlessness.

* * *

Stalin and the leading Soviet officials soon got to know this thin-lipped bald-headed ruffian.

They knew that Hitler personally backed up every demand which he put forward. They attributed his arrogance and self-satisfaction chiefly to his knowledge that, like a general, he could always order the Reichswehr to march in if he could not get his way.

These two Nazis had the support of an old-time German diplomat whom Hitler has planted on Stalin as Nazi Ambassador in Moscow. More conventional and ceremonial, this man, Count von der Schulenburg, has always shown considerable skill in the handling of Russo-German affairs.

Schulenburg is an old-fashioned, slow-moving diplomat. He is nearly seventy now.

Once a German consul in Tiflis in the Caucasus, he learned to speak Georgian, Stalin's native language.

He has been received by Stalin whenever he wants. He knows the Russian dictator's hopes and fears, and can always successfully play on his sentiments.

* * *

Though working for Germany incessantly, Schulenburg has always posed as a great friend of Russia. He has interfered in Russia's internal politics like no other foreigner, and Stalin is obliged to him for many tips about secret enemies. In his uneasy position Stalin has often relied on Schulenburg's support and on information about what his men have found out about other Russians.

Together with Ritter and Schnurre, Schulenburg negotiated the Nazi-Soviet pact which cleared Germany's back at the outbreak of war. These three men were behind the Russo-Japanese parleys. Now they have worked to crown their efforts for Russo-German economic collaboration by assuring Germany of Russia's unlimited support.

Whether they achieve it by persuasion, by threats alone, or by force, matters little to them.

No doubt even a man like Stalin has found it difficult to stand up to a blackmail trio of that kind.

HITLER'S DILEMMA

★ *By invading Russia, Hitler hopes to gain the resources he needs for a new Battle of Britain. His terrific losses last September taught him our strength; he knows he must prepare an even greater onslaught against our island. And so we, too, must intensify our efforts—to reinforce our defences and quicken our striking power.*

By A. G. GARDINER

SEEN in its true meaning, Hitler's war on Russia is a desperate attempt to recover from the failure of his plot.

The keynote of that plot was speed. He planned for a short war of incredible momentum, terror and surprise.

It was to be over before the world could awake to its peril. It was, in his own phrase, to "strike like lightning in the night." It was to end in the dictation of his peace terms in London last September.

He would have Europe and the British Empire beneath his heel. He would have the seas of the world in his possession.

He could mop up the Americas and the unorganised masses of Africa and Asia at his leisure. He had but to command and they would have no choice but to obey. He would be master of the world.

That was the programme. It was worked out in the most meticulous detail.

There lies before me at this moment a series of maps *published by Runge, of Berlin, in 1937*. There are nine of them. They show, with precise dates, how Hitler proposed to conquer the world.

Everything hung upon the suddenness of the attack and the instant knock-out of one power.

That power was Britain. With Britain out of the count Hitler reckoned to have a walk-over. There was nothing else that mattered.

The one danger was Russia. If the tornado that was to sweep Hitler to universal victory was to succeed he must be secure from attack behind.

"When shall I invade Britain?" Nothing can remove this question from the top place in Hitler's brain. All other roads are only side-tracks for him

So he bought off Stalin. He knew that he could dispose of him afterwards.

But the programme broke down. The Battle of Britain robbed Hitler of his swift decision. It knocked his immediate invasion plans to smithereens.

It faced him with an entirely different war—a long war, an incalculable war, a war that calls for resources that he has not got.

If he is to have a chance in that war he must control the resources of Russia.

In this dilemma he called on Stalin to stand and deliver. And failing in this, he has torn up his pact of "eternal peace" with Russia and has turned his whirlwind upon Stalin.

This does not mean that his main objective has changed. That objective is still the invasion of this country.

He must conquer this country and conquer it here or lose the war. His war on Russia implies no diversion from that purpose.

He knows that if he cannot accomplish it now before American support becomes the decisive factor he cannot accomplish it at all.

It was with this idea in view that he spent the winter in burning our cities. It is to this end that he has strained every nerve and used every available weapon to close the Atlantic sea lanes and starve us of supplies preliminary to the descent upon us.

HE has recklessly sacrificed the cream of his navy in a desperate attempt to isolate us. Nothing but the tyrannic purpose of immediate invasion could have led him to send his three greatest battleships out into the Atlantic as raiders to prey upon our shipping.

It was all Lombard Street to a China orange that they would never see Kiel again. But Hitler was prepared to gamble all that he had in the shape of sea-power on the chance that in the interval it would work such havoc among our mercantile marine as would make immediate invasion practicable.

HE HAS NOT SUCCEEDED, AND HE WILL NOT SUCCEED. THE *BISMARCK* LIES AT THE BOTTOM OF THE ATLANTIC, AND THE *SCHARNHORST*, THE *GNEISENAU* AND THE *PRINZ EUGEN* ARE LOCKED UP IN BREST WITH EVERY PROSPECT OF REMAINING THERE TO THE END OF THE WAR.

Our Atlantic lifeline has not been cut. We have survived the most critical phase of the attack, and with the magnificent support which is now coming from the United States the danger is lessening.

But it has been a narrow shave—as narrow as that of the early summer of 1917. It has been narrow enough to explain Hitler's confidence that he could do this summer what he had failed to do last.

Then our sensational and unexpected superiority in the air had thwarted him. Now with our cities destroyed and our life-line cut he believed he would have us at his mercy.

But again his plans have gone awry. He has destroyed our cities, but the spirit of our people is unbroken. He has sunk our ships, but we still hold all the seas.

HE HAS DONE HIS UTMOST TO TERRIFY OR CAJOLE AMERICA, BUT AMERICA IS NOW WITH US TO THE END.

IN these circumstances Hitler is compelled to insure against a long term war. This turns his face eastwards. He must have new sources of supply to enable him to sustain a war of exhaustion.

His plunder of the States he has overrun and enslaved has supplied his short-term needs, but as the plunder is devoured the maintenance of the conquered peoples will become a drain on Hitler's resources.

Cut off from the sea, and subject to the rigours of the blockade, there is only one direction in which he can look for the supplies he must have.

The two most urgent of his needs are wheat and oil. These are conveniently accessible in the Ukraine, the great granary of Russia, and the oil-fields of Baku.

That Hitler had determined to have the run of these rich resources has long been apparent, and Stalin's weakness played into his hands.

Through his seizure of Rumania Hitler was in a position to threaten both the Ukraine and the Baku oil-fields, and, whether by bluff or bludgeon, bribes or fears, he was resolved to bring Stalin to heel.

He revived the anti-Bolshevist organisations in Germany, set his propaganda machine to work spreading rumours of imminent war, and massed a mighty army on the frontier from the Black Sea to Finland. He hoped to intimidate Stalin into surrender.

Then, with his supplies secure, he would be in a position to switch his army over to the West for the great adventure against this country.

That would solve his dilemma. He would escape the thing he feared, war on two fronts. He would win in the East by bluff and be free to fight unhampered in the West.

Stalin's record did not encourage much expectation that he would put up a fight.

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

Have you any questions you would like to ask Swaffer? If so, address them to the Editor.

CAN'T WE ALWAYS HAVE A COALITION?

● "We all pull together in war time,' writes a reader. "Can't we have the same spirit in tackling peace time problems?"

Yes, you could if it worked. But not even to-day is everyone satisfied that the Coalition is working properly.

J. B. Priestley told me, the other night, that he still feels that the Labour Party made a mistake in entering the Government, that it would have been more effective in opposition, and that what seemed to happen was that Labour Ministers were left to hold the baby.

We are talking, now, of a new world. How many Members of the Government are in favour of a new world?

How far could a Labour Party in a Coalition persuade their anti-Socialist colleagues to change the system?

I do not welcome the idea that, after the war, we shall be plunged back into Party politics. But as I see it, it will be inevitable.

People who denounce Parties do not understand that in any nation some people want change and other people hate it, and that, therefore, inevitably Parties form around groups who desire different speeds of progress.

DO BUILDINGS REALLY MATTER?

● Many have been angered by the Bishop of Bristol's statement that the destruction of ancient and beautiful buildings is even more grievous than that of human life.

I am not surprised that people who have been in nightly peril and those who have lost relatives and close friends are incensed about such a statement.

But what exactly did he mean?

When you see St. Paul's Cathedral damaged by bombs, its high altar wrecked, what do you think Sir Christopher Wren would say about it?

He spent many years in planning, and then in supervising, the erection of his masterpiece. To him St. Paul's Cathedral was more valuable than his life. He would have died for it. For years he merely lived for it.

From the point of view of the altruistic artist in any field of activity, his work is more important than himself. Without it he is nothing. And he knows it.

He lavishes years of toil in self-expression, so that something greater than he is shall endure for years to come.

It was no doubt some thought of that kind that led the Bishop of Bristol to an unguarded expression. To him, the ancient churches of his diocese, now destroyed, are more important than his own earthly survival.

Men are born. They live. They do their jobs. They pass on. And they survive elsewhere. You cannot destroy their indestructible spirit, which passes on to a wider sphere. Except to their relatives, their "death" is not a tragedy.

Is it seriously argued that Shakespeare's earthly end was more a calamity than would be the burning of all his plays and the loss of all he wrote?

We must realise that, in this world calamity, we Britons are the sacred guardians of the culture of all the ages. We did not ourselves create it. But, if, in defending it, we die, well, we have done one of the biggest jobs in History.

"Do buildings really matter?" Of course they do—if they are historic or beautiful. They inspire, they civilise, all who look on them.

Noble architecture is the most important thing in Art. For it is seen by most people.

HOW SHOULD RENT VAMPIRES BE PUNISHED?

● I would put up on posters, in the towns in which they live, the faces, the names and the addresses of every landlord proved to have profiteered.

This would hold them up to public scorn and be much more effective than fining them sums which, in almost every case, they have already obtained by making excessive charges.

Besides, frankly, there are too many people of the landlord class among the nation's magistrates. These people believe fundamentally in the law of supply and demand. This, in war time, just as in peace, is what has fixed the rents.

Largely, tenants are to blame. They have refrained from reporting their landlords. They expect someone else to save them, when they won't help themselves.

Indeed, in some cases, the tenants are as guilty as the profiteers. They have sought safety, at any price.

WHY IS THERE WAR LETHARGY?

● Except when Winston himself goes on the air or makes a speech in Parliament, nothing ever comes out of Whitehall which inspires the public.

War correspondents are kept behind the battle lines.

So the public is not allowed to feel that it is more than a far-away spectator.

Scores of thousands of men, drawn from towns and villages in every quarter of the land, are fighting around the Mediterranean. Their wives, their mothers, their brothers and sisters and their children yearn for news of them. They do not get it.

The handling of news has been one of the major scandals of the war.

For over a year Fleet Street has been complaining about the suppression of vital information. But nothing is done.

A few Service chiefs, mysterious and unnamed, cut out all the humanity from despatches. Apparently not even Winston Churchill himself has the power to cut through the red-tape.

I do not find anywhere symptoms that people are sick of the war. There seems evident proof that they are determined to see it through. But, on the other hand, there is no thrill about it, no zest.

Then, generally speaking, our nation's leaders lack the power of giving us inspiration. Most of them are a dull lot.

Dictators Sometimes Blunder

THE ruthless ingenuity of Adolf Hitler, the enigmatic darkness of Josef Stalin, and the pompous vanity of Benito Mussolini present to the world as disturbing a picture as any that has darkened the newsreel of mankind.

Hitler holds Continental Europe in bondage, except for one or two neutral nations whose people exist in a state of fear and doubt.

The sway of Stalin extends to the Pacific and embraces a huge part of Asia.

Mussolini's dictatorship is in a different category. There is about this strutting, pot-bellied mountebank an air so comical, so incredibly stupid, that even the sight of him on a cinema screen provokes jeers and laughter. Yet he remains a dictator, a man who has ground Italians for years, who, at bitter cost, has built an Empire and lost it.

★ ★ ★

The boss of the Soviets is, as I write, the leading figure in a drama unparalleled in history. Whatever the outcome, one thing is certain—Britain fights on.

Hitler is Dictator No. 1. He has the cleverness of a fiend, the sinister cunning of a Machiavelli, and, above all, a directness in action which characterises German thoroughness.

No man subjugates a continent or rules a nation unless there is in him qualities of drive and of opportunism. But few men have survived the peril that comes of creating monstrous systems of government.

The outlook of the dictator is in many respects limited. All their thoughts, their deeds are based on power. In that one word lies at once their strength—and their weakness.

That is what many people in Britain fail fully to understand. And among those many are men and women of vision and intelligence.

I recall a talk I had the other day with a doctor. He is a Scot, a brilliant man, a successful man. He took a gloomy view of things.

This damned Hitler was too clever for us, he said. Always we seemed a step behind the Nazis; always we were making mistakes, underestimating the forces against us.

★ ★ ★

I admit the miscalculations. I admit the old familiar muddles. I admit even that we shall know other

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pallas

blunders before the light of victory pierces the clouds of struggle.

But Dictators blunder, too! History will rank Adolf Hitler as the greatest blunderer of all time, despite his flashy successes.

A Britain almost unarmed, woefully unprepared, sadly lacking in arms and equipment, lay at his mercy after the fall of France and the evacuation of Dunkirk.

Why did Hitler's bombers leave us alone? Our anti-aircraft defences were weak; A.A. guns were few; the technique of the night fighter had yet to be evolved; fire-fighting services and A.R.P. organisations were sketchy and inadequate.

If Hitler had thrown his night bombers against us in June of last year he could have spread a trail of havoc and fire across the face of this island. He could have blasted our cities, razed our ports, crippled our industries and paved the way for the final assault.

He didn't do it. Why? Let history reveal the story behind this colossal blunder.

Hitler didn't learn his lesson. At the beginning of this year he told the world, arrogantly and assuredly, that when the Battle of the Atlantic was fully joined in March and April his submarines and 'planes would sever the life-lines that feed and supply Britain.

Another blunder. Our ports are busy. Our ships come through. Our people are fed. Our strength grows. Our morale is firm.

Stalin blundered when he played second fiddle in the rape of Poland and betrayed those who had worked to create a Russia of equality.

★ ★ ★

His attack on Finland was a blunder. It revealed the weaknesses of the Soviet military machine—weaknesses which Hitler turned to good account when he put the screw on the Red Dictator.

Mussolini's blunders are so evident that they need hardly be enumerated. His biggest blunder was when he joined his overlord Hitler in what he thought would be merely a victory march.

His next was the campaign against Greece—a nasty showdown for dictatorship, that.

Let us take heart that these dictators are human, fallible. Behind the steel façades they show to the world are weaknesses and stupidities.

And always is fear—fear of the people they have enslaved, fear of the men who would betray them, fear of bombs and bullets, fear of themselves.

What sane man would be a dictator, anyhow?

Yet the alternative was so deadly that it was hard to conceive that he would yield without a struggle.

Surrender would have meant not merely the political enslavement of Russia to the overlordship of Germany.

It would have meant famine in Russia through the diversion of her wheat and oil to Germany. It would have meant the end of the Soviet system.

AND IT WOULD HAVE MEANT THE END OF STALIN. HE WOULD HAVE JOINED MUSSOLINI, LAVAL, QUISLING, AND THE REST OF THE PUPPETS WHO DANCE AT HITLER'S BIDDING.

But Stalin did not surrrender. Well would it have been for him if he had taken his stand earlier, before Hitler had seized the Balkans and challenged him in the Black Sea.

That he knew what was coming was evident from the pact of non-aggression which he signed with Matsuoka when that worthy called at Moscow on his way from Berlin.

Will that pact safeguard his rear or will it go the way that all the "scraps of paper" signed by the dictators seem destined to go?

Will Japan stand by the Axis, of which she is a partner, or will her fear of America in the Pacific hold her in check?

For the Allies and for America the course is clear. Whatever our feelings about Bolshevism we have only one enemy in the world to-day. It is Hitler and Nazi Germany. Whoever is against that enemy is our ally.

Hitler's plunge into a war on two fronts is a summons to us to smite him with redoubled vigour in the West, in the air and on all the oceans of the world.

Let us see that Moscow spells his ruin as it once spelt the ruin of Napoleon.

HUMANIST deals with an echo of the puritanical world in which our grandparents' actions so often contradicted their stated views; and advises other anxious readers on problems about which they have written to him

King Edward VII arriving at Goodwood Races. He was disapproved of by a reader's grandparents, who thought that drink and racing were devices of the devil

Choosing Sin

SINCE human nature is full of contradictions it is not surprising to discover that our ideas are often inconsistent. One finds, too, that people's actions do not always agree with what they believe or profess to believe.

An interesting letter comes from a middle-aged reader who asks for an explanation.

When I was a boy (he writes), I remember noticing that a picture of King Edward VII (then the Prince of Wales) was turned face to the wall in my grandfather's house.

I naturally wondered why, and was told that he was under a cloud of disapproval. He had visited a brewery! As my grandparents were rabid temperance advocates his conduct had offended them.

Yet my grandfather, who was a farmer, grew acres of barley for distilling, and neither he nor my grandmother objected to a glass of port at a wedding or a funeral. They thought that port was exempt—a teetotal drink.

They were violently opposed to gambling and disapproved of the Prince of Wales attending a race meeting. Yet they willingly sported a shilling in a raffle at the church bazaar.

They were very strict in many ways. Card games were definitely wicked; dancing and theatre-going were of the devil; and they did not approve of reading fiction.

When I reached a more critical age I used to ask why these things were forbidden, but I never received a satisfactory answer.

The greatest puzzle of all was their attitude towards death. They were assured of everlasting happiness in the Hereafter, yet they were terrified of dying.

It seemed so inconsistent, and to this day I have never been able to understand it. If you can give me any enlightenment I shall be grateful.

The religion of this reader's grandparents was a heritage from the Puritanism of their forefathers, who banned a great many harmless amusements.

Distrust of "worldly pleasures" lies behind it. The saving of an immortal soul is the main purpose, and all else is frivolity, or worse.

The fear of death appears to be stronger than faith in the world to come. Even people who are having a sad time on earth cling desperately to existence. Few of us are willing to leave.

It may be inconsistent, but it is human nature. There is a deep-rooted instinct which discounts our logic.

Paradise may be regarded as a lovely oasis at the end of a desert journey—but there is a sneaking fear that it may prove to be a mirage.

ANOTHER letter comes from a woman reader who is worried about her husband's changed attitude to life. Apparently he has become friendly with a "modern" young woman who has told him he is not getting enough fun, and that he is too good to be "stuck indoors" with an old-fashioned wife and family.

She laughs at me (says the writer) because I love telling Bible stories to my children. She laughs every time I tell them to remember to say their prayers and to ask God to take care of them through the night.

One evening, to my horror, when I repeated this reminder, my husband said, "Enough of that tripe! Get them to bed!"

It seemed unbelievable. He has always been so kind and thoughtful, and he has always adored his children. But now they are turning against him.

It has been unbearable lately. I have cried myself to sleep. I have pleaded with him and begged him to realise where all this was leading before it is too late.

He does not seem to care. He says he is going to have a good time now, and that people who are not religious have the best of it.

I have no doubt in my mind that sooner or later he will become sane again, but I am worried about the effects on the children.

The writer then goes on to say that this scoffing at religion is a sign that the end of the world is near:

"There shall come in the last days scoffers, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, and upon the earth distress of nations and perplexity." How true this is to-day!

She recommends me to read II Timothy, Chapter 3. It is the well-known passage about the last days. One has to bear in mind that St. Paul believed that the end of the world would come almost immediately.

I don't want to start an argument on Biblical prophecies about the End of the World. We heard all that in the last war.

But the point that seems most important to me is the fairly general notion that religious people do not enjoy life, and that religion is likely to produce gloom and depression.

Who is responsible for this idea? Are we to blame the preachers, the hymn writers, the professing Christians? It is true that the Church perpetually reminds us that we are miserable sinners. But surely the essence of the Gospel is the good news of deliverance?

There is no call to be gloomy in the Sermon on the Mount and the greatest of all the Parables has a happy ending. There are depressing hymns, admittedly, but I could quote dozens of others:

Come, let us join our cheerful songs, and *O for a thousand tongues to sing,* and *There is a land of pure delight.*

No doubt some readers will write to tell me of others even more joyous than these.

FANATICISM is a subject about which another reader writes. He wants me to warn others about its dangers, and says that his father was ruined by an obsession.

Our home was a happy one (he writes), until my father took up astrology. At first we treated the subject as a harmless hobby, but when he became clever enough to cast horoscopes we all became targets for criticism.

You see none of the family had horoscopes that harmonised with father's, and that led to endless fault-finding and bitterness.

At one meeting he attended he asked the speaker to cast my mother's horoscope. He was informed that my mother had not long to live.

This news pleased my father, because he wanted to marry another enthusiast whose horoscope was more suitable.

But, thank God, the prophecy was quite false. My mother outlived my father by some years.

My father offended the heads of the firm by casting their horoscopes and analysing their characters. He lost a good pension through this indiscretion.

When I look back I realise that my father was a brilliant man, by nature kind and benevelent; but this craze for the occult was his undoing.

I refuse to be drawn into a discussion about astrology.

I know plenty of intelligent people who believe in it and plenty of others who don't. The particular point of the letter is the danger of going too far, and this applies to many other subjects.

It is not easy to recognise where healthy enthusiasm ends and fanaticism begins.

A great many good things become vices if carried beyond reasonable limits.

Unripe fruit is bad for the human tummy, so one waits till it reaches perfection. But if one waits after that it begins to go rotten.

It seems to me that a virtue is often found midway between two vices. I suggest that readers might consider the two earlier problems in the light of this idea.

(If "Anxious" will send her name and address I will answer privately. The subject is too delicate for discussing in public.)

GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

COMPENSATION

THERE never is a shadow without its line of gold, there never is a sorrow which a heart must ever hold, there never is a conflict that does not reach an end and there never is a prayer that new courage does not lend.

THERE never is a purpose but leaves on Life its mark, there never is a summer without a gold-songed lark, there never is a peril without its point of hope and there never is a problem beyond God's guiding scope.

THERE never is a drama without its brighter side, there never is a boast but does not some weakness hide, there never is a tyranny that does not the tyrant cheat and there never is a victory untouched by some defeat.

THERE never is a cruelty whose scourge does not recoil, there never is a flower but breaks through its tomb of soil, there never is a sanctuary but holds some soul in pain and there never is a rainbow that is not spun from rain.

THERE never is a setback without a new-found view, there never is a challenge but holds its splendid due, there never is a sacrifice without its high reward, there never is a life without a song within its chord.

THERE never is a gallant deed lost in Life's Vast Unknown, there never is a faithful heart but reaches the Father's Throne, there never is a night of hell but leads into God's Day and there never is a Wrong but must at last to Right give way.

J. M.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

"I am near starving," writes Mrs. M., who was evacuated from a London hospital last year and sent to Cornwall.

She has been living apart from her soldier-husband since 1937. He allowed her 9s. a week, but it has been reduced by the Regimental Paymaster to 5s. 6d.

She has no children to help her—and 7s. a week rent to find.

Her doctor tells us that she is a chronic invalid, often confined to bed, and absolutely unfit for any work.

Will you please send a donation to enable this helpless woman to obtain the food she needs?

Donations earmarked "Heart Disease" or for our General Fund should be sent to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. Every penny sent is devoted to the Fund.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

"JOHN BULL'S" 10-MINUTE STORY . . . By WILL SCOTT

HOW COULD SHE?

PERCY SMITH was born in 1938 and baptised in the autumn. He was the apple of his mother's eye, the pride and joy of his father. He was a cheerful baby and a plump one.

"Percy" was soon discarded as a handle. He was known to all and sundry, in his family and out, as "Tubby."

Brother Walter arrived two years later, with the war over everything. Which may have been why he had a nipped look, and a pinkish little nose, and eyes which did not seem to want to look at the kind of world it was in 1940.

His parents were anxious about Walter, and when "Wally" came to be discarded in his case, it seemed only natural that he should be called "The Mouse."

Even this seemed too heavy a burden for so frail a body, and before long it was shortened to "Mousy." And "Mousy" it remained.

The brothers went through the war together and out of it, without remembering very much about it. They grew up together, first hand in hand, then side by side.

Tubby and Mousy. The one, plump and good-looking; the other, solemn of face and with big round glasses.

And, in the summer of 1962, Mr. Roderick Casey, who just walks into this history and sits down and watches it, as it were, went down to Margate for his annual holiday.

The summer of 1962, as everybody will remember, was a dazzler, and sitting down and watching was about all the easy-going Mr. Casey was capable of doing in the circumstances. Still, he liked it. That was the life for him.

There were plenty of people to watch in the boarding-house. But in particular Mr. Casey found himself watching two young men who were seldom apart.

Brothers, they appeared to be. A good-looking one of about twenty-four, who answered to the name of Tubby, and a by-no-means-so-good-looking one, who answered to the unattractive name of Mousy.

WATCHING them in the boarding-house, with their blazers and white shoes and cameras, waiting for the postman one morning, Mr. Casey suddenly wished that he could be young again.

He remembered holidays gone by. Yarmouth, Bournemouth, Ilfracombe.

Girls . . .

Oh, well, you're only young once.

The postman came.

Two for Mousy. None for Tubby.

"I've heard from Dorothy. And a card from Joan. Hasn't Doris written to you?

"Doris," replied Tubby, "has not. The girls do seem to drop off these days."

And that seemed a most remarkable thing to Mr. Roderick Casey.

He watched Mousy put his hand through his good-looking brother's arm and lead him away down the Avenue to the sea, and, wondering, shook his head.

That Mousy should hear from Dorothy and Joan was not, perhaps, to be wondered at, for, after all, you *are* only young once.

But that Tubby, the good-looking one, should not hear from Doris—and another dozen into the bargain—now that *was* to be wondered at.

"Very odd," said Mr. Roderick Casey, in a kind of aside to himself. "If I were young again, and a girl, and the good-looking Tubby looked once at me, I'm afraid I'd be ordering the confetti right away!"

Being past middle-age, and a trifle sentimental, Mr. Roderick Casey felt a little sad, for he liked to see young people happy, especially on a dazzling August morning at Cliftonville.

HE began to look around and match-make (all to himself, of course), and that was how he discovered Margaret and Mary, before they had been four minutes out of the taxi and five minutes in the boarding-house.

"Now, Mary, the solemnish one, would be just the girl for Mousy, and Margaret, the lively bit of goods, would be just the one for Tubby. It's a pity these things cannot be arranged . . ."

However, Mr. Roderick Casey could very well have saved himself his time and his trouble. These things *can* be arranged, since they always have been. And in this case they were.

When, that evening, everybody from the boarding-house went to see the fireworks at Dreamland Park, Mary went with Mousy and Margaret with Tubby.

Mr. Roderick Casey nodded and beamed. Things were working out splendidly for the brothers Smith, Walter and Percy. Mousy and Tubby.

"Very nice!" Mr. Roderick Casey said.

He rubbed his hands. No man was ever happier than Mr. Roderick Casey when things were working out splendidly for other people.

And very nice it remained for quite a time. The boarding-housites took their pleasures together, more or less, so that Mr. Casey had plenty of opportunities for observation. Plenty of opportunities for nodding and beaming.

When the party went to the Oval to see the concert party, he observed that Mary went with Mousy and Margaret with Tubby. When they hired a coach all to themselves and "did" Canterbury, Mary went with Mousy and Margaret with Tubby. And Mary went with Mousy and Margaret with Tubby the day they had their little excursion by sea from the Jetty to Pegwell Bay.

It made Mr. Casey feel young again just to watch them.

He liked to think that he was in at the birth of a romance, and that in years to come Mousy and Mary, Tubby and Margaret would show their children old photographs and tell how "Mum and Dad" first met on their summer holidays "years ago in 1962 at Margate."

The photographs would be there, because all the boarding-housites were photographed one day in a big group in front of the boarding-house—and in the group Mousy stood next to Mary and Tubby next to Margaret.

And how everybody was smiling!

BUT there were moments when Mr. Casey had his doubts. Not about Tubby and Margaret. Margaret was too full of life and fun, and Tubby, despite his certain tubbiness—well, yes, Tubby really was a very presentable young man.

No, it was over Mousy and Mary that Mr. Casey had his doubts. Not so much over Mary, quiet and reserved though she was, but over Mousy. Mousy, with his thin face and his glasses, and the look which seemed to say that when he was forty he'd have dyspepsia all day long. Though, of course, you couldn't always tell.

But Mr. Casey was not really sure that, had *he* been a girl, Mousy would have been the ideal Romeo.

Mr. Roderick Casey sat, one evening towards the end of his holiday, under the trees at the end of the lawn, watching the moon rise above the North Foreland. It was a warm, still night, and Mr. Roderick Casey was really half asleep.

Footsteps passed along the garden railing, paused, came in through the gate and, instead of going indoors, came down the garden towards the trees at the end of the lawn.

It was Mousy and Mary.

MR. CASEY wondered if he ought to cough, but he was very *very* curious, and he *did* want to know. So he remained perfectly quiet and, a tiny bit ashamed of himself, listened.

"Happy?" That was Mousy.

"Perfectly!" And *that* was Mary.

"And to-morrow we will go and choose the ring."

"Oh, Walter!"

"And, naturally, we shall have to put an announcement in the papers at home. How will it go? *The engagement is announced between Walter Dunkirk, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, of Acton, and Mary, younger daughter . . .*"

"Mrs. Walter Dunkirk Smith!" said Mary. "It sounds *so* distinguished, doesn't it, dear?"

They passed out of hearing and were gone.

And half an hour later Margaret came home—alone. And half an hour after that Tubby came home—also alone.

And Mr. Roderick Casey wondered.

And, until the girls walked together in the garden, arm in arm, kept on wondering.

"But what went wrong?" Mary asked.

"Oh, nothing. Nothing *really*," said Margaret.

"You didn't quarrel?"

"No, we didn't quarrel. It's *off*, that's all."

"But, Margaret, dear, I don't understand."

"Well, it's his name, you see. When he told me his name . . ."

"Well?"

"My dear, I couldn't—how could I—be known for the rest of my life as *Mrs. Percival Munich Smith!*"

"I've heard from Dorothy. And a card from Joan. Hasn't Doris written to you?" "Doris," replied Tubby, "has not. The girls do seem to drop off these days"

The Pilot Officer SWEARS by Kolynos!

Above all else the Pilot Officer is trained in observation and his verdict on whatever comes under his notice can generally be relied upon as sound. "Give me Kolynos!" he says, "There's just that extra something about it which stamps it as absolutely first class." Of course he's quite right. Kolynos is exceptional and has no equal as the protective, cleansing and refreshing tooth paste. Try it and prove it for yourself.

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Should not cost you more than 5½d PER ROLL
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The present emergency quality is necessitated by the quality of raw materials made available by the Authorities.

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Both carefully washed **but** *I used Persil*

When your dainty clothes need washing, use Persil! Persil keeps your woollies soft, your coloureds sprightly—it preserves the sheen of silk. Yes, Persil is an absolute boon these days, with dainty things so precious! Although Persil is so thorough, it's gentle too. Clothes last for ages when washed the Persil way.

Sometimes little points crop up that rather bother you. Maybe in the rinsing, the drying, or the ironing. Or the actual washing. No matter what it is, just drop a line to Mrs. Holiday, Persil Home Washing Bureau, Warrington, Lancs—she'll be only too pleased to give you free advice.

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It's all the more important these days, when you want all your clothes and household linen to last as long as possible, to use Persil. Persil's gentleness makes things last.

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Regrets

LIMITED CIVILIAN SUPPLIES

So great are the requirements of H.M. Forces that only very limited quantities of "BLANCO" Brand WHITE CLEANER are available for civilians and we are obliged to disappoint many thousands of users. After the war normal supplies will again be available and the quality of "BLANCO" even better than ever before

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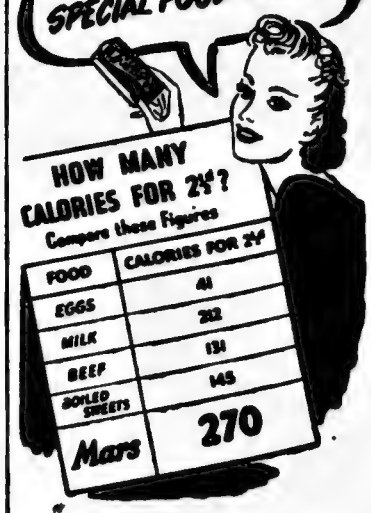
WARNING! Joseph Pickering & Sons, Ltd., Sheffield, England, are sole proprietors and manufacturers of "BLANCO" Brand White Cleaner. No other White Cleaners can be called "BLANCO" nor may they be sold as "BLANCO."

FANCY MY FAVOURITE 2½d BAR HAVING THIS SPECIAL FOOD VALUE!



Think of a Mars Bar. Imagine that smooth chocolate, that tasty malted flavour, that delicious caramel centre in your mouth. *Irresistible*, isn't it? It's specially rich in calories—those invaluable energy-builders. Mars is a meal in itself—and what a lot you get for 2½d.

Mars 2½d

VOICE of the PEOPLE

TWO years ago—or nearly—a little Tottenham girl was sent into my home as an evacuee.

We love her. She loves us.

But although we have done nothing to undermine her love for her own parents, she tells us: "I shall never leave here. Never."

When her mother comes down to see her she tells her: "Mum. I shall never go back."

The position is as distressing to me as to her parents. Peace is bound to bring joy with it—but what heartbreak it is going to deal out to many as well —Foster-Mother, Hertford.

Hidden Stores?

Mr. Everyman used to smoke forty cigarettes a day. The manufacturers therefore made forty for him.

War came. Mr. Everyman felt inclined to smoke forty-two cigarettes a day. The manufacturer was compelled to manufacture only thirty-five for him.

Tobacconists therefore hid their cigarettes under their counters so that he wouldn't wangle the full forty-two he wanted. Mr. Everyman managed to get the forty-two nevertheless—and also aimed at hiding ten away every day.

Result: everybody feels tobacco supplies have been cut down to one-tenth. Actual fact: there would be no shortage if every tobacconist, every hoarder, brought supplies into the full light of day.—Retailer, Hammersmith, W.

They'll be Sorry

I don't deny the right of grown-up people to spend their money as they like. They should invest in war savings, but that might well be left to their intelligence and sense of patriotism.

But in my view the State should stand in some position of guardian as far as young girls are concerned who, due to the war, are earning pounds more than they need and are wasting it on trash.

Some of their payment should be made in War Loan. Then a nest-egg will be theirs when they need it most. Such compulsion they may dislike at the moment—but, as things are, the day will come when they will wish that some saner counsel had been at hand to ensure that they saved.—T. Smith. Thalassa Road, Worthing.

Clothes for Coupons

Why print special clothing coupons after the margarine coupons are finished?

There are fifty-two unused coupons in the ration book quite apart from those for margarine.

Use these. It is sheer waste of valuable paper and printing to print millions more before these have been disposed of. —I. Hope, Bootham, York.

There may be another use for these spare coupons yet.

Coal Craziness

Less coal next winter. Reason (we are told) lack of labour in the pits.

And I, with nine coal-mining certificates, who have been pony driver, timberman, stallman, shotfirer, deputy, under-manager and colliery manager, with experience in the pits of Notts, Derby, Leicestershire, Yorkshire, Wales, and Cannock Chase, can't get a job in the coalfields anyhow—even at the coal face.—C. R. B. N., Shaw's Lane, Cheslyn Hay, Walsall, Staffs.

Now We Know

May I, as a private soldier with experience of three Army pay offices, explain why there are so many Army pay scandals for JOHN BULL to expose—and rightly expose?

Command and Regimental Pay Offices are run on the same cumbersome and archaic system as fifty years ago Modern business efficiency methods have passed them by.

The so-called "organisers" (what they organise I don't know) refuse to change the old, unwieldy book-keeping systems for more modern and swift methods. The poor clerk is strangled with red tape.

One chartered or incorporated accountant could—if the Army Council deigned to allow him—formulate a system that would cut out nine-tenths of the present-day stupidities.

The wonder is not that Army contractors sometimes get paid twice—or that Army officers get paid late. It is that they get paid at all.—Private Soldier (address withheld).

Feet of Clay?

Said a wireless commentator recently: "Our ups in this war are not treated with so much joy as last time, our downs meet with more despondency."

Perhaps it is true that we won't "maffick," but there is a simple reason for that.

You have to have hero-worship for your leaders to feel that way about them or the results of their planning. With few exceptions we don't regard them as geniuses.

We are thankful to a few—but we remember, too, that so-called "leaders" are responsible for our terrible unpreparedness, and for the fact that Hitler stole a march.—Mrs. D. K. Jolley, Gloucester.

Early Start

Instead of bothering so much about "peace aims," it would pay us to do something about building the new Britain.

We might, for instance, start teaching our boys and girls to town-plan, build, design everything from domestic equipment to great new buildings, and generally attend to the manifold needs of the future.

If this work is left to the fellows whose fathers have been able to afford a public school education for them, all this talk of a new Britain will have been in vain. —W. L., c/o 84, Watermoor Road, Cirencester, Glos.

Volunteers Needn't Apply

"Canadian Government is combing Canada for wireless technicians for Britain," I read.

Well, I am a wireless technician.

From January, 1940, I tried to fit myself for the Merchant Service, at my own expense.

In September I was told that men between twenty and twenty-eight were barred the Mercantile Marine, so volunteered for the R.A.F.

I was told to go home and wait—which I've been doing ever since.—J. W. Broughty Ferry, near Dundee.

Money for Jam

Five pounds a week, plus travelling and subsistence allowances, is to be paid to women inspectors under the Government's jam-making scheme.

Substantially more than firemen get doing the dangerous and highly skilled work of fire-fighting at the height of a *blitz*.

Why? I make jam. What a simple job it is, given the right coppers! But how much easier *superintending*.—Mrs. D. M. Sainsby, 14, Carrington Road, Spalding, Lincs.

Their Mistake

Two bombs have been dropped on our town.

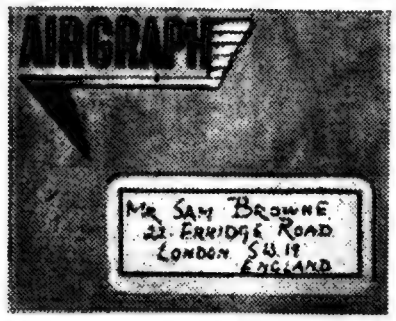
One didn't go off.

Six Polish soldiers borrowed a barrow, picked up this unexploded bomb, wrapped it in Mr. Cameron's bedspread (kindly lent for the occasion), and trundled it down to the sea.

It was a relief to the whole community to watch them, with one of the boys holding a finger in the air and saying: 'Bomba. He O.K. He no go off."

We think they saved a row of houses. The authorities, apparently, think differently. For they are to suffer the shame and humiliation of a court-martial.—E. K. R. (address withheld).

There's Nothing New under the Sun



INTRODUCTION of photograms (messages reduced to minute size by photography) for our troops in the Near East is no new thing.

During the siege of Paris in the Franco-Prussian war a similar air mail was inaugurated.

Messages to people outside the city were set up in type, reduced by photography to such an extent that a mail of 80,000 words (length of a modern novel) weighed only a gram, and sent by pigeon.

Reaching their destination, the messages were transcribed and forwarded to intended recipients. —R. S. Wilkinson, Kitchener Street, High Barnes, Sunderland, c/o Durham.

Someone's Doing Well

Manchester produced a few millionaires in the last war.

I don't suppose it has produced many in this, although café proprietors there have an idea that every Manchester man is now a millionaire.

A friend of mine—a working man—took wife and little son into one such place.

He ordered a pint of beer for himself, a sherry for the wife, a lemonade for the small boy—and fish and chips for the three.

Each was served with an infinitesimal piece of plaice and about twelve chips. Bill: Fourteen shillings.—J. T. Partridge, Bognor Road, Adswood, Stockport.

Insult to Britain

Worst insult of war—and the worst example of official ignorance—is surely that offered by Colonel Walter Elliot, Director of Public Relations at the War Office.

Obviously he knows nothing of the public he is supposed to serve. Otherwise he would not appeal to the people of Britain to show the stubbornness of heart, "guts" and determination of our forefathers.

How dare he imply that we are a nation of weaklings and cowards?

Does he not know how the people have stood up to prolonged bombing? Has he never walked through a *blitzed* town? —J. T., Willow Road, Hampstead.

★ This is your feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Sea Battle "Toddy"

YOU have read the Admiralty's baldly worded communiqués behind which lie countless stories of heroism by men of the Navy and the merchant ships.

Some of those stories have been brought to life in JOHN BULL by the graphic pen of Commodore Purssey Phillips.

You must often have wondered how these men keep going during day and night battles against dive-bombers, fires, flooded holds.

You would probably assume that the answer lay in rum—the drink automatically associated with the sea and the men who sail on it.

But you would be wrong.

The drink that sustains them is more usually associated with the children's bedtime story—cocoa.

Yes, cocoa is now the sea battle "toddy."

★ ★ ★

Not unlike a melon in shape, the cocoa pod contains thirty to forty beans, white and very sticky, sweet and pleasant to the taste.

Instead of hanging from the branches like our English fruits, the pods grow all the way up the main trunk of the trees. Sometimes blossoms, ripe pods and young podkins grow cheek by jowl.

To turn them brown the beans are first left to ferment beneath huge plantain leaves for about a week. Then the West African farmers carry them to the village in baskets on their heads, and spread them out on mats to dry in the sun.

★ ★ ★

Shipping cocoa beans from the Gold Coast isn't so easy.

Takoradi is the only deep-water harbour, and a good deal of the cocoa has to be taken out to ships anchored in the Roads about a mile off shore.

The West Africans are expert surf-riders, and they have built themselves special flat-bottomed surf-boats, into which they load the beans in sacks.

The helmsman stands in the stern and steers with a long oar, while his crew of five-a-side paddle like mad with short three-pronged paddles that look like silver tridents.

If the sea is choppy it may take several hours to load up a ship.

Every now and then, for instance, a boat-load will capsize as it is launched, and the whole lot has to be taken ashore again and dried.

But when at last the ships are loaded, they come home under the protection of the Red and White Ensigns.

Their safe arrival is yet another battle won against bombs and mines, submarines and surface raiders.

Another lifeline of Empire has been kept open

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The Litesome guards against Strains, Chills, etc. Stops Fatigue, increases Energy and makes you Free from RUPTURE

14 DAYS' TRIAL. Prices including Tax

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BUILDERS
IT'S A RACE AGAINST TIME

FULL SPEED AHEAD ON BRITAIN'S GREAT WAR-TIME BUILDING PROGRAMME

Britain's war-time building programme for this year includes Air Stations, Aerodromes, Aircraft Hangars, Oil Fuel Depots, Factories for the production of Planes, Tanks, Guns and Munitions of all kinds, Food Stores, Hostels for Workers, Camps, etc. etc.

On every individual in the Building Industry rests the responsibility of getting this vast programme completed without loss of time. No work is more important.

On it so much depends — the protection of our shipping and our towns — the safeguarding of essential supplies and the capacity to strike back at the enemy with ever-increasing strength.

Ministry of Works

W.B.10

When you leave your work does it leave you?

TAKE YOUR ENGINE OFF YOUR NERVES WITH

Koray BRAND TABLETS

When you've stopped driving, do the wheels still go round in your head? When your hands are no longer steering, do your feet still go up and down on pedals that aren't there? Take KORAY and take your work off your n-e-r-v-e-s. KORAY means rest—sweet sleep, renewed energy, freedom from aches. At once, this amazing pink tablet brings glorious peace to jangled, overstrained nerves. And it simply smashes pain of all kinds. Get KORAY to-day, and keep on ten.

KORAY GIVES INSTANT SAFE RELIEF in cases of "Nerves," Head Pains, Toothache, Rheumatic Pains, Sleeplessness, Sore Throat, Influenza, Feverish Colds, Malaria, Feminine Ailments, etc.

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We Can Supply Rationed Goods!

Shop through Ideal Clubs for wider choice and better purchasing! Your Coupon Shopping will be simple our way. All you need do is attach coupons to your order.

You are Sure of Satisfaction.

10 WEEK CLUB

Limited number of new Organisers can now be appointed. Send for catalogue and full particulars of how to run these easy Ideal Clubs amongst your friends. They'll be delighted, you'll be in pocket! Good Commission! Be amongst the first applicants and make sure of an appointment.

Post Coupon Below NOW!

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To JOHN NOBLE, Ltd., (XS15)
Brook St., Manchester.

I am interested in your 10 week Ideal Club and would like you to send me catalogue, etc., without any obligation on my part.

Name.....
Mr., Mrs. or Miss

Address.....

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Post in unsealed envelope 1d. stamp

Nurse Pedals Through Hell

● In this second "Heroes Unlimited" cavalcade of blitz courage hidden in the Commended lists, women drop their own bombs on some old illusions

THIS is the story of how ordeal came to one of those women who ride an old push-bike, winter and summer, through Britain's green lanes—on an errand of mercy.

Violet Morgan, District Nurse . . .

She had been attending an urgent case in her country district the Sunday morning the sirens shrilled.

Though the drone of raiders filled the sky, she pedalled like mad for the first-aid post at the cross-roads lest she should be needed.

She was just in sight of the box and was waving a cheery hand at the woman ambulance driver when the first bomb screamed from the clouds.

Nurse Morgan flung herself down from her bike, flat in the dirt.

There was no time for anything else. Her world seemed to be tearing apart.

One after another the bombs whined down and exploded, flinging lumps of rock and clay high in the air.

In the dust and confusion Nurse Morgan realised that the F.A. post had received a direct hit.

The woman ambulance driver lay groaning.

"Perfect Little Heroine"

Amid the shrieks and crashes of the H.E.s the falling debris of pounded earth and stone rattled on the roadway.

Somehow Nurse Morgan wriggled through it, past the wrecked ambulances to the injured driver.

Without thought of herself, she covered the other's body with her own. She was there, "a perfect little heroine," as they said, when medical help arrived.

Then, unfalteringly, she assisted the doctors with the other casualties.

Such is a typical story of one of Britain's typical women on the Roll of Honour of the Commended.

Wives and spinsters, mothers and business women, they all had their personal glory when the Blitz brought each one a sudden emergency.

Miss Elizabeth Lyle was a full-time warden in Edinburgh. They hadn't had much trouble round her way.

But when the bombs were falling she found herself running towards the explosions and gazing up at the crazily toppling ruins of a tenement.

Inside she could hear the screams of men and women who had been trapped by the collapsing timbers.

Battered Her Way In

She was alone, a frail woman facing horror and foreseen danger in the fire-lit darkness.

With a lump of stone she battered her way through a window.

She found herself standing on the lurching floor inside, with beams and bricks still falling around her. And she went forward towards a whimper that clutched at her heart.

A two-year-old child lay in its cot partly buried in rubble. She snatched it up and saved a life.

A few seconds later a groaning avalanche of masonry splintered the cot to matchwood.

Safe in the open air, she cleared the child's nose and throat of brick-dust. Then the ambulance girls took over and she joined the rescue men, now in the tenement building.

Something jagged-edged sliced her heel. She scarcely stopped to have the injury bound.

Salvation Army lasses keep rescue squads supplied with food and drink as they work among the ruins after a heavy blitz

Through the night, scorning pain, Elizabeth Lyle worked devotedly, dressing the injuries of rescue men, rounding up the homeless as they wandered the streets.

The weaker sex?

Take for an answer the courage of Winifred Gilhooly after a twelve-hour day at a telephone exchange.

A man failed to show up for night duty. The post was in a temporary position and mercilessly exposed to bombs. And the Nazis seemed bound to come over.

"I'll stay on," Winifred volunteered.

Through the long night, though bombs near by set the building swaying, she kept her switchboard vigil.

Take the magnificent effort of Dr. Elsie Burns, resident woman doctor at a Liverpool hospital, when she woke up in bed and found not the ordered tidiness of her room but the chaos of destruction.

Hitler's eggs had smashed deep into the hospital, one falling only five yards from her living-rooms, blasting the windows and brickwork.

Dr. Burns' bed was covered in splintered glass and hunks of plaster. Wriggling from beneath it, she hadn't a scratch—but she recognised in herself all the clear symptoms of shock.

She Laughed It Off!

There is only one cure: warm, sweet tea, and rest.

Dr. Burns laughed it off. She willed her trembling muscles to stillness, shook the debris from her clothes, dressed, and then went to help get the casualties out.

"Her coolness and steadiness," say the records, "exercised profound influence on all present, both injured and uninjured." Yet she should have been in an ambulance!

In her Birmingham shelter, Warden Mrs. A. L. Rose heard the squeal of a bomb, the impact of its fall—but no explosion.

That meant only one thing—a delayed-action—and Mrs. Rose "went to it."

By the light of the guns she found the hole in a neighbouring garden.

Single-handed, she cleared the district.

Absolutely beaten, yet splendidly unbeatable, she returned to the Post. Soon she heard that the bomb had exploded, but the people were safe.

Once again the casualty lists had been drastically lowered—by the pluck of a woman.

Saloon Bar Bravery

Not least of these women is Lilian Maher, barmaid, whose health they drink in a Northern hotel.

One evening, after the warning had gone, she was serving the customers as usual when a bomb landed on the other side of the street.

The blast blew Lilian backward among the bottles, brought down the glass roof of the saloon with a crash, and threw the customers all over the floor.

When Lilian next saw the man she had been serving he had a jagged end of glass jutting from his temple.

Another splinter of dagger-sharp glass had severed the artery of a man who lay on the floor.

At her own throat Lilian felt the hot stickiness of blood.

Keeping her head, moving through the darkness, she knew where to get hot water, where to find iodine.

With deft scissors she snipped away the clothes of the man with the severed artery, correctly applied a tourniquet, and saved his life.

"Thank goodness," she joked, "I read a first-aid book!"

One by one she cleaned up the customers. There was so much blood about that she hadn't noticed her own injuries.

Thus the blitz produced its Florence Nightingale—saloon-bar version.

HOME GUARD SCHOOL ON WHEELS

SUDDENLY Britain's Home Guard has grown a new Wing.

And with this latest development the novel doings at the village hall once again rank as world news for those in every country who follow with interest the fortunes of the local force of citizen-soldiers that is now one and three-quarter millions strong!

Wherever training needs are greatest, usually in remote districts, the request goes out from the Command to the War Office, and the order from there to the Chief Home Guard School, for a visit to the centre by the travelling "Circus."

Or so the Home Guard has affectionately christened it. Its official title is the Travelling Wing of the Home Guard School.

Little beyond the bald fact that it exists has been disclosed, but I have gone on tour to fill in the details of what happens when the School on Wheels goes to the village hall, the odd spot of training ground, or the barrack.

★ ★ ★

An Army truck and a pair of utility vans draw up, and three officers and two warrant officers step out. Each is a first-class instructor from the staff of the principal Home Guard School.

They carry into the hall a tommy-gun, other small arms and explosives, and one or two secret weapons they don't show around, to give the Home Guard an indoor "period," which is Army for lesson.

They don't stay there long. Lectures and demonstrations over, they are off out-of-doors to the local "battlefield."

How much they crowd in here during a week-end visit of the Circus, from lunchtime on Saturday till Sunday night, is indicated by this typical programme as suggested for them by the War Office:

Explosives and Bombing.
Stalking and Fieldcraft.
Night Operations.
Observation and Camouflage.
Weapons and A.A. Training.
Minor Tactics and Tank Hunting.

And, to fill in the minutes that are left, the Chief Instructor addresses them on leadership, discipline, and organisation of training.

★ ★ ★

Sometimes the local Commander himself draws up a tactical exercise scheme, and the instructional travellers help with criticism and suggestions.

Sometimes one locality asks for and gets special instruction in the use of the tommy-gun. Another wants to strengthen a weakness by concentrating the periods on anti-tank defence. Generally, the local Commander, who knows his needs best, calls the tune. The Circus plays up to it.

Broadly, the principle of the Circus is this: The War Office has decreed that where the Home Guards can't get to the School, the School shall go to the Home Guards. Mobile training for a mobile war!

Business and other reasons, through no fault of their own, prevent many local instructors from sparing time for a course at the School; or for others who can find the time the School may not have vacancies at the convenient moment.

Then, some units find it hard to get instruction because they are in a district where there are not enough Regular troops to help in the training. This is mostly so in remote areas, and explains why the village hall comes so largely into the Circus picture.

The three travellers with "pips" and the two with stripes, with their truck and utility vans, are self-contained. They carry their bedding, as well as stores and equipment.

They billet themselves on the locality, but should the need arise are ready to spend the night on wheels.

They regard themselves as fortunate if their stopping-place is near a barrack, where they've ready-made billets, lecture rooms and other amenities for instruction.

The Home Guard branch of the War Office allots them a certain time at week-ends or during the week in whatever areas their services are most required. Their actual itinerary is arranged by the Home Guard staff officer in whatever Command is concerned.

★ ★ ★

Command H.Q. knows from requests, reports and instructions where additional training is needed, and the call goes through to Whitehall for the services of the Circus.

Then, in a breathless off-again, this ever-moving Travelling Wing takes a new road to Anywhere.

That is how it works—this new, novel, swiftly successful bird of passage with a protective Wing for "weak-spotters" of the Home Guard.

All it needs now is many more Wings!

JOHN CASHEL

HOW TO CLEAN THE LAVATORY

quickly, simply, thoroughly!

TODAY, when homes are crowded, and there is much to be done, the quick, simple, effective action of Harpic is appreciated by housewives. Harpic is specially made for the lavatory. It reaches that hidden bend where no brush can get, cleans, disinfects and deodorises, leaves the bowl glistening. Sold in tins at 6d., 1/- and 1/9.

HARPIC for the lavatory

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

BACKACHE

Urinary Disorders
Rheumatic Pains

common signs of

Weak Kidney Action

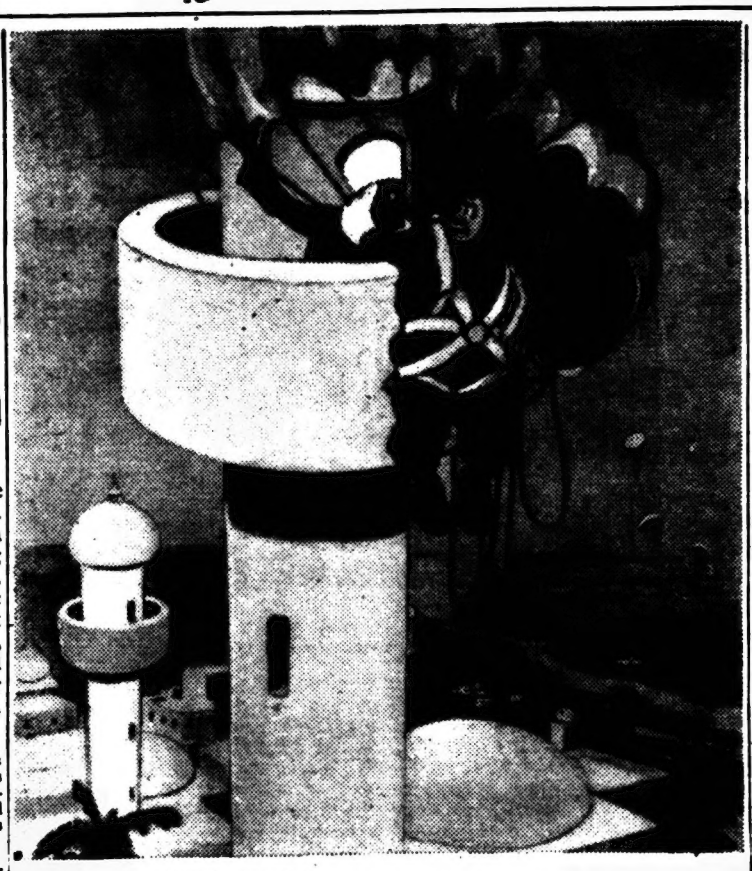
HEALTH slips away when the action of the kidneys slackens. Harmful acids and wastes retained in the blood cause sharp or nagging pains in the back, urinary disorders, bladder weakness or rheumatic pains. You may suffer persistent headaches, attacks of giddiness, getting up at night, stiff, inflamed muscles and joints, puffiness under the eyes. You probably feel weak, nervous, all played out.

Let Doans brand Backache kidney Pills make you ready and able to tackle the day's work. The diuretics, antiseptics and stimulants in this special kidney medicine will flush, strengthen and invigorate the kidneys and the urinary system.

Healthy kidney action will filter away harmful impurities, purify your blood and relieve your pain and discomfort. Doans Pills do not drug the system to give temporary ease; they ensure relief by their direct action upon the kidney filters.

1/5, 3/5, 5/8 (*incl. Tax*). *Ask your Chemist for*

DOANS
Backache Kidney Pills



OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

(Translated from the original Arabic). Why the —— don't yer —— well hold yer —— war in Europe!!

YOUR SKIN AND YOUR SCALP

As the result of years of research and practical experience, a splendid Treatment has been evolved for this distressing malady of Psoriasis. This treatment is giving unbounded satisfaction to hundreds of present and former sufferers. The results are truly astonishing.

Stubborn cases which have defied all efforts for years rapidly yield to this grand Treatment. Those Psoriasis spots and patches on the arms, legs and body which cause you such despair soon fade away, and instead you get a new, clean, healthy skin, same as you used to have.

The scurf and inflamed pimples and matted scales on your head quickly subside, and a beautifully clear scalp with healthy hair growth is your reward.

The Treatment is easy to use and brings remarkable and gratifying results. No matter what else has failed you, this Treatment will give you full satisfaction.

Write to-day for a most interesting illustrated publication which gives full particulars of this splendid Treatment, and is sent free to sufferers.

Address your letter to Superintendent,

NATIONAL SKIN INSTITUTE WARD 5.C.
Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester.

Instant relief from
INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS
DYSPEPSIA, FLATULENCE
ACIDITY, HEARTBURN
PALPITATION, GASTRIC CATARRH

MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

TAKE TWO TABLETS & EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

AT ALL CHEMISTS
8½D & 1/5
(INCLUDING TAX)

No PROPRIETARY RIGHTS CLAIMED.

½d. PER GALLON!

That's all it costs for the World's best vegetable fertiliser.

HAS your soil a chance to grow good vegetables? Nine out of ten soils lack sufficient HUMUS, without which plants cannot thrive. Sangral, applied in liquid form will make good this loss in 6 Hours. Results will be obvious in 10 days! Sangral is the soluble ALL-PURPOSE fertiliser for all vegetables, fruit and flowers. It cannot harm or "burn" even delicate seedlings, costs only ½d. per gallon and is used by over 2 million gardeners, nurserymen, and market gardeners. Make a test this week for 6d.

GROW REAL VEGETABLES
THIS YEAR—USE
SANGRAL
TEN-DAY FERTILISER
Sold
6d., 1/6, 3/- & 5/- everywhere
LASCO LTD., LIVERPOOL.

THE LAST LAUGH

N. D. (Plumpton).—"My chauffeur has run away with my wife." You'll miss him, won't you?

H. M. (Pinner).—"I always sing when facing danger." Some vocalists always face danger when they sing.

EX-TRAPPER (Aldershot).—"What would you do if you looked over your shoulder and saw a grizzly bear sniffing your tracks?" Make some more.

B. T. (Dulverton).—"A Scottish friend of mine once played the piano for 48 hours without stopping." Perhaps he had got the instrument on two days' free trial.

B. P. (Highgate).—"Since the war started, a pickpocket has rarely been seen." And he wasn't seen often before the war—if he was a good pickpocket.

N. N. (Colwyn Bay).—"A modern philosopher says that 'a wave of pessimism always accompanies the birth of great truths.'" The same may be said of twins.

O. R. (Burgess Hill).—"Money goes quickly. It is true to say that riches have wings." And, unfortunately, they haven't got the homing instinct.

H. H. (Burscough).—"Not one woman in ten can pass a beauty test," As a result of this situation, apparently, not one in ten can pass a beauty parlour.

D. A. (Coulsdon).—"Apart from the flavour, and so on, what is the essential difference between a glass of water and a glass of beer?" Fivepence.

J. M. (Hemel Hempstead).—"I am told that some men never quarrel with their wives. They must have learnt some secret formula. What is it?" "Yes, dear."

P. S. (Bude).—"So I told my neighbour what I thought of him. So he said that what I said was not so. So I repeated the details. So he again denied the story. So then I called him something stronger than a story-teller. So he hit me on the nose." You don't say so!

L. D. (Stansted).—"When I earn only £5 a week, how can I keep a wife who wants £4 a week for housekeeping?" Waiting for it.

R. R. (Barnehurst).—"An Army physical jerks instructor does not get results merely by a voice loud enough to rouse the dead." No, but by a voice loud enough to rouse the dead-beat.

S. M. (Atherstone).—"I have taken up weight-lifting as a hobby, so shall not have much time to write to you in future." Thanks for lifting a weight from our mind.

J. T. (Chislehurst).—"I believe the authorities are now issuing to children tablets containing all the vitamins of oranges. What more could children ask for?" Oranges.

G. B. (Oxted).—"When the baby started crying last night my wife told me to get up, but I said it was half hers and she ought to get up, too." But maybe it wasn't her half that was crying.

JOHNNIE (Purley).—"I am utterly hopeless at figures, and have to answer the following question for homework. Will you answer it for me?—What would 17 pounds of salmon be at sixpence a pound?" Bad.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips."

THAME GAZETTE:—". . . by wounding him on the head with an IRON piece of wood."

BURTON MAIL:—"American VASES in Greenland will be available to the 'planes and ships of the other American Republics."

HAMPSHIRE TELEGRAPH:—"The request for fire-watchers for the various roads and streets throughout W—— is receiving good AFTER-NOON."

Family Recipe for Summer Colds

Easy to make up at Home

Never let Summer colds get a real grip, especially with children. Make up a bottle of this simple recipe and keep it handy. A dose or two at the first warning will nip any cold in the bud. Directions: Heat half a pint of water to which you add one ounce of Parmint (Double Strength), which is made up of ten separate, concentrated medicaments. You may add a little sugar, syrup, or juice from tinned fruit or jam if you have any to spare. The children simply love this mixture. Take one tablespoonful four times per day, for children use a teaspoon. Parmint (Double Strength) is obtainable at any good chemist. Cut out this recipe so as not to forget the ingredients and dosage.

2 Boxes of
"Germoloids" Conquered
PILES

'Dear Sirs: I have had two 1/5 boxes of GERMOLOIDS and they have given me great relief, and I must say your treatment has cured me.' E. R. Buckland. GERMOLOIDS are relieving thousands of people of Piles. They are the new treatment which has at last conquered this complaint. GERMOLOIDS not only relieve pain, but end smarting and itching; reduce swelling; heal, strengthen and protect. Get GERMOLOIDS to-day and GET RELIEF TO-NIGHT!

Germoloids

1/5 per box (*Incl. Purchase Tax*)

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/5 and 3/5.

RUPTURE

LATEST ASTOUNDING INVENTION
14 Days' Free Trial. No Understraps

The Famous Beasley Air-Cushion is on a new, washable celluloid-covered spring incurved to give the correct upward support without under-straps and so malleable as to enable wearer to "shape to contour of body." Controls equally the heaviest or slightest Rupture. Recommended by Doctors. Light and cool to wear. Order now or send for details.

MONEY GLADLY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFIED
24/6 Single **30/-** Double
Postage 7d.
State if Right or Left, and give usual measurements with P.O. or Cheque to
BEASLEY'S Dept. 208
The MANOR HOUSE, NEWNHAM, GLOS.
or Dept. 208, 270 DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.
London Fitting Rooms: 102 BAKER ST., W.1.

£200 BULLETS and BIG NEW CASH OFFER for XWORDS £125

PRIZES ADVANCED

£50 £10 £4 £2 29/ 27/ 3 of 25/ 60 of 2/6

£50 First Prize—"BULLETS" 1,278.
J. Hooker, 32, Queen's Av., Gosforth, Newcastle: "WHEN I WENT THERE."
Bullet: "WHEN I WENT THERE" ARE AFRAID.
£10: Queenie S. W. Brown, B.A., 41b, Hartington Rd., Hillsborough, Sheffield.
Ex.: Shakespeare's Problem.
B.: Shakespeare's Dramatic Masterpiece—"Love."
£10: A. Sims, 13, Clarke Rd., Whitchurch, Bristol.
Ex.: The Black Butterfly.
B.: Concerning Butterflies—"Whitechapel Pavin."
£2: L. J. Thomas, 102, Shrewsbury Rd., Dunham, M/C. Bad Management—Worst Match This Season."
£2: J. W. Leigh, 5, Chesterfield Ave., Wolsey Estate, Sheffield-by-Pass.
The Gilded Bird—Seven Supplements—Rolls of Parchment."
£2: W. E. Smith, 2, Fort Tce., Chippenham, Wilts. "Don't Win the War—" Old Wives "—Roads "Guide" !
£2: T. H. Preston, 26, Thirsworth Ave., Finch. We Hail the Wives, Sir—your "Homely Melody" Wives.

£10 WEEKLY PRIZES in "BULLETS" Nos. 1,274, 1,275, 1,276, 1,277.
£4: R. Hamilton, 5, Lloyds Av., E.C.3. Bullet: "Bull"—Shows Big-hearted Generosity."
£2: C. H. [illegible], 37, Queen St., Bath. Ex.: Sir Walter Raleigh's Pet Relay "Cat."
£2: J. [illegible], 3, Old Thames Lane, [illegible]. The Gilded Goldcrest—Give Example, Point, "Golden."
£2: R. Shoesmith, 17, William St., Felixstowe, Suffolk. Shirley Pet—Shirley Problem—"Perfection." Gilbert!
£2: A. Gibbs, 24, Cromwell Rd., Stretford Lancs. Ex.: Mr. Churchill—Exemplifies a Typical Gift "Supreme Sacrifice."

A list of 3 Winners of 29/-, 20 Winners of 5/-, and 60 Winners of 2/6, due to error of these values. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

£100 WEEK in XWORD No. 232.
WINNING WORDS:—1, Lea. 2, Ankle. 3, Wet. 4, Wait. 5, Gain. 6, Patch or Pitch. 7, Possess. 8, Rest. 9, Reads. 10, Gear. 11, Record. 12, Risk. 13, Foods. 14, Skills. 15, Pet.
2,000 CHARGES:—Mrs. S. A. Almond, 16, Station Rd., Gt. Amwell, Ware.; A.C. Goodall, Schoolboy, Park Rd. West, Woking; W. Hellard, 3, Love Lane, Pinner, Middx.; Mrs. H. J. Hine, D. H., and Mr. G. H. Johnson, Uplands, Norfolk Rd., Uxbridge; W. Johnson, 70, Northfield Rd., Palmfield, Reading.
Runners-up Award value £25 shared between 22 contestants.

TO WIN A "BULLETS" PRIZE

SIMPLY add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original connexion to any of the Examples and you have made a *Bullet*. Make each of your efforts sparkle like the latest gold-extension given below. That's the way to win this week's First Prize, bringing a thrilling Joy Wire on Friday, July 18.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

WHY HITLER WILL LOSE
WHAT PEOPLE SAY
HARD TIMES
NOW SHOWING
THE LATEST FASHION
FOOD'S A PROBLEM, BUT ALMOST A MIRACLE
MAKING WAR
CIGARETTES
SISTER SUSIE
GNASHING HIS TEETH
FLOOD OF CRITICISM
TAKING A BIG RISK
OUT IN THE EAST
WHILST WE SLEEP
SEEMS UNFAIR
DAD'S AN OPTIMIST, SO STILL UNRATIONED
FOOD-HOGS
SOMETHING NEW

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

WAY TO BEAT .....
LEAVES ..... BEHIND
TOMMY .....
.....FOR THE PROFITEER
SHOWS SHE'S .....
MY OLD .....

EXTRA AWARDS VALUE OVER £20
Each of the 45 other Winners who entered 4 or more Bullets for this contest will receive a Special Bonus Award value 10/-

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EX.
E.
EX.
E.

These 2 F R E E with 4 paid, thus giving 6 chances for 1s.

This coupon may equally eligible.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps value as per Rules on this coupon.
P.O. Value..... No. .....
Signed .....
Address .....
£280 Closing Postmark MONDAY, JULY 7
CUT ROUND THIS LINE

GET YOUR GUIDE TO SUCCESS

for Bullets & Xwords.

AFFIX 1d. stamp to your envelope and enclose with "Bullets" or Xword Entry. This makes sure of your £100 - word guide to success in "Bullets" & Xwords

Affix 1d. STAMP for your copy of "Bulletin" and Gazette.

£100 for 15 LETTERS!

HERE'S another batch of interesting Clues for you. Only 15 letters to fill in and a £100 cheque for the best set of Answers. Get busy on them now—AND LOOK OUT FOR THAT JOY WIRE ON FRIDAY, JULY 18.

£100 FIRST PRIZE RUNNERS-UP THIRDS VALUE £25

TRY John Bull's 10 MINUTE XWORD No. 233

CLUES — Answer every clue by entering letter in entry columns.	5/- Entry fee for 16 ch.					5/-	5/-	5/-
Position of this may well account for sailor being wide-awake			B		N K			
To raise funds for hospital, fete is this	H E L							
Only foolish person would steal for sake of one					I T E			
Brave people should not have to appeal in vain for			A		M S			
Scarcity of these doesn't worry the majority of people			F		G S			
Shadow comes over man's face when he hears it for this	S H		A		E			
When they get this going, cowboys need all their skill			H		R D			
It's not suitable for women to work in this	M I		N					
Can be used to help reduce damage to glass					A T			
If these don't fit, you'll be wise to remove them	G L		O		E S			
Crossing desert, this will probably be lonely one	T R		E					
Average man will brace himself to meet severe one					O S S			
Can wear out carpet if you're not careful		F	E		T			
Rough and ready soldier will probably prefer hard bed to this	S O		F					
After dark-more activity is seen in haunts of					I C E			

PLAIN PAPER
Send in entries on this coupon at rate of 6d. for each 2 columns submitted. Extra entries on plain paper equally eligible — same rule of entry-fee.
Closing Postmark MON., JULY 7

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee.
P.O. value .....
No. .....
Signed .....
Address .....
CUT ROUND THIS LINE

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Rounds First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Round Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—Postal Order or Stamps must be enclosed for entry-fee at rate of 6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Round columns used. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are accepted only on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated July 26, shall be Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

ADDRESS ENTRIES: "Bullets" No. 1,280—or Xword No. 232, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)
Closing Postmark MONDAY, JULY 7

For "Active Service" Get a "JOHN BULL" Pen

CASH THIS VOUCHER

William (1) 2-YEAR GUARANTEE with this PEN

William (2) 5 YEAR GUARANTEE with this PEN

A FREE 2/6 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/6 cash in part payment of the famous "JOHN BULL" 5/9 lever-filling fountain pen. The raven-black pen, handsomely chased, with its graceful streamline effect delights the eye. The 14-ct. solid gold nib is tipped with iridium. A safety pocket clip is included.

John Bull GIFT VOUCHER value 2/6
This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/6 cash in part payment of a famous "John Bull" Pen.
Only one voucher will be accepted in part payment of each pen.

Or you may have the DE-LUXE MODEL—UNBREAKABLE, fitted with a heavier 14-ct. solid gold nib and embellished with two 18-ct. R.G. bands, 1/6 extra.

Post at once

Make your choice—NOW!

WHAT OUR READERS SAY!

Mr. H.A.B., April, 1941.
Watling St., Canterbury, Kent.
"... I have had my 'John Bull' Pen for many years. It is still in use, and gives great satisfaction ...."

Mr. A.W.P.,
William Ave., Meir, Stoke-on-Trent.
"... My 'John Bull' Pen has been in continual use since 1920 ...."

"JOHN BULL'S" PRESENTATION COUPON
To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 12B, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/6 which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/9 lever-filling pen. I enclose P.O. for 3/6 plus 6d. for postage and insurance, making 4/6 in all.

OR

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/6 which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" lever-filling pen, DE-LUXE model. I enclose P.O. for 4/6 plus 6d. for postage and insurance, making 5/- in all.

FINE—MEDIUM—BROAD—OBLIQUE. Cross out grades of nib NOT required.

NAME .....
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....
Write Clearly in Block Letters please. B.J. 28.6.41
Cross Cheque or Postal Order /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull."

Don't Face the Day

IN PAIN

Face it With A Smile For 2½D

Don't let that "thumping" headache ruin your day. Stop it now for 2½d! Don't let longer working hours or unaccustomed labour make you feel fatigued, tired out! Be better and brighter for 2½d! Don't be pulled down by Nervous Strain! Be Steady Nerved for 2½d! It sounds incredible but it's TRUE. Beechams Powders, the special QUICK-ACTING prescription, cost only 2½d each. Priceless relief at a price ALL can afford! Why spend hours in misery. Spend 2½d instead and let Beechams Powders bring you RELIEF!

The Quicker-Acting Remedy for HEADACHES RHEUMATISM FATIGUE NERVOUS EXHAUSTION NEURALGIA HAY FEVER COLDS, CHILLS FEVERISHNESS

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/5. (Including Purchase Tax.) Single Powders 2½d each. A Beecham Product.

BEECHAMS POWDERS 2½ EACH

ASTHMA Dō-Dō "A MIRACLE-WORKER"

Does Asthma or Night Coughing make sleep impossible for you? You can get relief in 30 seconds. Here is the latest proof:

"I must let you know what benefit I have derived from Do-Do Tablets. Having been a sufferer for ten years, I have had to give up my occupation for weeks at a time. Night after night I have kept awake with an awful cough, so much so that I have kept others awake too. Then I was introduced to Do-Do and found that everything you claim for the treatment is true—very true. Now I am able to sleep in peace and wake refreshed in the morning. What is a Do-Do?—a miracle worker!—bringing rest and sleep to a tired body."—J.S. (Bristol).

The unique power of a single Do-Do Asthma Tablet to cut short the worst spasm in 30 seconds and to restore easy breathing in 15 to 30 minutes is due to the fact that in Do-Do you get the maximum quantity of the highest quality medicaments in a balanced combination provided by no other single Asthma remedy at any price.
Get a shilling packet to-day (7 Full Doses). Larger sizes for economy: 3s. (over 4 times the 1s. size) and 10s. 6d. (17 times the 1s. size). With Purchase Tax the prices are 1s. 1½d., 3s. 4½d. and 11s. 10d. respectively. Sold by Qualified Chemists everywhere.

Dō-Dō ASTHMA TABLETS ONE IS A FULL DOSE

INTERNATIONAL LABORATORIES LTD. CHARLBURY, Oxon.

IT ISN'T CLEVER

You've met the friend who tells you in a whisper that she got a couple of chops from the butcher without coupons. It isn't clever. No more clever than looting. We all have a job to do—to win this war, and food is one of the most important arms. Tell your friends that if they try to beat the ration, they are trying to beat the Nation. England expects us all to honour the Food Code.

FOOD FACTS NO. 46

Issued by The Ministry of Food, London, S.W.1

WAR WORK TRUE STORIES, No. 4

Art student of 20 now a "factory fighter"

1. A promising young artist, Alma, feels that she is doing *nothing* to help win the war.

2. Though sorry to lose such an apt pupil, her Principal advises her to apply for a job in War Work.

3. At the Employment Exchange, Alma is told where to go for training. She is pleased to know that she'll be paid while learning!

4. At a Government Training Centre, she attains the high standard of proficiency needed for the "real thing."

5. Her keenness soon wins for her an even better job in the war factory to which she is drafted . . .

6. No wonder Alma and her fellow War Workers are so popular with the Army, Navy and Air Force at the local dances!

Be inspired by this young lady's splendid example! Go—TO-DAY—to your Local Office of the Ministry of Labour and National Service, and they will tell you how best to serve your country.

YOUR DUTY NOW IS WAR WORK

These stories are founded on fact; but the names used are fictitious

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